The Memoirs of A Modern Gnostic

Part I

By Edward Conze



The Samizdat
Publishing Company
Sherborne

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LIFE AND LETTERS

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PREFACE

These Memoirs were begun early in 1977 in response to Professor J. W. de Jong's questions about my life up to 1948, the date when I first met him in Paris through Prof. Demiéville. His queries coincided with the almost miraculous emergence of a pleasant and efficient secretary here in Sherborne. To her I first dictated the account up to 1948. Then I stopped because I had my doubts about the project. Encouraged by friends I continued, however, and by July 22nd I had dictated a total of 100,000 words. Prof. de Jong of Canberra in Australia, is therefore the 'you' who is addressed again and again. He has been interested for a long time in the history of Buddhist Scholarship, as shown by his 'A Brief History of Buddhist Studies in Europe and Asia', Varanasi 1976.

After consultations with lawyers and friends the material was then split into three parts. The first surveys my intellectual development, including those factors which helped or hindered it. The second fills in some of the details and gives me ample opportunity to comment on many things. The third part contains everything which has been deemed libellous, brutally frank, or politically impermissible. By common consent Part III cannot be published in my lifetime, and must wait for the 21st Century, if ever there should be such a thing. Parts I and II have been nearly de-venomized. They exhibit the cobra's shining scales and display her graceful and vigorous movements. In Part III the fangs and venom glands will be revealed.

Most of what I have said will interest close friends and colleagues. To the general public much must appear pretty tedious. What I have done so far is to tell my life story in a way which satisfies me. In fact I have quite enjoyed telling these stories, treating them as a kind of end-of-term report to the Almighty, or an account of this incarnation for Yama, Judge of the Dead. When it come to the commercial exploitation of the typescript, it will be a good thing to cut it down to 90,000 words.

I myself find it hard to see why anyone should take exception to what I have said. Far from arguing with anyone, I merely record honestly what has happened to me and what I have genuinely thought at a given time. One may deplore that I am a product of my

class and my age, but in my seventies I cannot be expected to do much about that. This is a thoroughly honest book and it tells you what I think and not what I ought to think. Some time ago I found in the TLS a remark concerning an Autobiography of a certain Dennis Wheatley, who is described as 'the author of highly successful and abominably written historical novels'. It says: 'Memoirs have a way of being laundered like the proceeds of a Bank Robbery to make the author more acceptable to the new prejudices prevailing in the time of his old age'. I have studiously tried to avoid this.

May 25th, 1978

PART I. LIFE AND LETTERS

Section 1. 1904-1933

This is a brief record of my life, written at your request. It is not an Apology, because so far no Kingsley has seen fit to attack me. Looking back on my life I find that it fits me like a kid glove. Perhaps this shows that it has been well spent

Family Background

I was born as Eberhard Julius Dietrich Conze on the 18th March, 1904 in Forest Hill, Lewisham, London, directly on the Greenwich meridian, at 3 p.m., which gives me an Ascendant of 26 Leo. My father was at that time the German Vice-Consul. The marriage in 1903 between him and my mother had been arranged as a marriage between two factories, and it was a very unhappy one. One of the factories, in Langenberg, was engaged in spinning silk, and the other in dyeing it. Their co-operation was more important than the happiness of mere individuals. So as to further ensure it, a brother of my father was in 1904 married to a sister of my mother, with equally disastrous results. Like my father this brother of his also did not survive the Third Reich.

When I think back to my ancestry I realise that my life had been programmed long before it had started. In particular the unusual combination of political radicalism and piety which characterizes my entire work is due to the difference between my father's and my mother's families. Gottfried Conze (10.8.1831-1916), my paternal grandfather was a devout Christian, — belonging to the 'Unified Church', which combined Lutheranism and Calvinism with ardent Emperor worship, — a strict conservative and pan-German. When he heard that I was born on the 18th March, he was distressed because this is the date of the Paris Commune. So he came all the way to London to have me baptized with water from the River

Jordan which he had brought from the Holy Land after a visit to that country in the retinue of the Kaiser. He was also a highly educated man, who knew the entire Homer by heart in Greek and who spent much money in supporting the excavations of Doerpfeld, who tried to prove that Leukas is Ithaca. It is from him that I absorbed my abiding love of the Greek Classics. Together with his numerous children he formed a powerful clan in the Germany of Wilhelm II, and we were present everywhere in the highest echelons of the administration, of business and of the Protestant Church. By contrast, Julius Koettgen (3.10.1845-1921), my maternal grandfather thought little of Christianity and never went to church because 'he could not bear the air'. Instead he used to go to '*Die Gesellschaft*' and drink French wine on Sunday mornings; so the godly were none too displeased when in due course he died from bladder stones. He had married a Dutch wife, Bertha Sandrine Post, and through her influence on our mother we always took a great interest in the affairs of Holland. In this way Holland has often provided an anchor for my floating patriotic sentiments. I have never lost my fondness for the Grachten or the Geuzen[1], for marinated herring or the city of Leyden, for Vermeer or the House of Orange, and with Dutch people I generally feel at ease. Another ancestor, a painter, had been a friend of Engels in the Revolution of 1848 in Elberfeld, and had to flee to England. His son became a millionaire, who, fascinated by the East, built up an export business in London. Other ancestors had shown great interest in psychic matters or in mystical religion, and the whole family had poetical and artistic gifts.

The latent conflict or perhaps tension between our capitalist activities and our Christian professions was never far below the surface. So as to refresh my memory I have lately looked at two family histories[2]. Among my Koettgen ancestors I find a kindred spirit in Johann Adolf (II) Koettgen (1777/1846) who is described as

[1]See Appendix 10 no. (0)

[2]The one is E. Koettgen, *Geschichte der Familie Koettgen*, 1632-1910, published in 1911 and financed by 'Herrn Gustav Adolf Koettgen in London', a millionaire who saw to it that the tone throughout is ultra-conservative and ultra-patriotic. The other is CONZE. *Ein Familienbuch*, published in 1931, and written by two lesser intellectuals, a Hauptlehrer and an Archivar, both docile Executors of the wishes of my uncle Wilhelm Conze, manufacturer and pillar of the Stahlhelm.

'intellectually gifted'[1] and between 1832 and 1834 wrote a short sketch of his life. There he says that 'to be a merchant exposes you to many thorns which wound a sensitive heart, and I am quite sure that in heaven nothing will be more out of place than trading and all that belongs to it.'[2] The Conzes on the other hand concentrated more on the other-worldly aspects of the Christian faith, and in 1847 my grandfather was severely reprimanded by his father for unsound views on the relation between faith and good works (p.87). The same grandfather was a deputy in the Prussian Parliament of 1866 and in view of the events of 1940 it is interesting to find that his Christian charity was not extended to Poles[3]. But even the constantly reiterated piety of the Conze side of the family could not obscure the fact that in some ways the message of the gospel did not go any too well with the way in which we amassed our wealth. An enormous amount of ingenuity was devoted to disposing of the remark about the camel who could not pass through the eye of a needle, particularly because it was so obvious to us that we were far more likely to go to the Kingdom of Heaven than the 'Godless social democrats' who constituted such a large part of our work force. When we read St. James's resounding condemnation of us and all our works (v,1-6) we were heartened by Martin Luther who had described his epistle as a work of straw. The news that the early Christians had lived like brethren and had had everything in common was received with the pitying shrug of weary men of the world who know more about 'human nature' than to believe that to be practical. As for 'those who conquer by the sword will perish by the sword', when I first heard those words the ruins of 1943, 1944, and 1945 were still a long distance away.

At that time in Germany the Protestant professional middle classes practised what was known as 'the two children system'. When we grew up, we could not fail to notice that also the Catholic judges and so on had no more than two children and we rather irreverently attributed this to the active intervention of the Holy Ghost. Be that as it may, in such circumstances one child used to go

[1]See Appendix 10, no. (1)

[2]See Appendix 10, no. (2). This is not unlike Engels' comment on the huendische Kommerz.

[3]See Appendix 10, no. (3).

with the father, and the other with the mother. It was I who sided with my father and my younger brother Wolf with my mother. Unfortunately it was I who got the worst of this bargain, because my mother was so much the stronger of the two. In fact I was very much reminded of her vicious possessiveness when reading what T. E. Lawrence's mother did to him[1]. I have no doubt that my later devotion to the Mother of the Buddhas had a great deal to do with the disappointment I felt for my earthly mother.

Schools and Dr. Lietz

After half a year in England I was taken back to Germany and brought up there, first in the Volksschule and then in the Gymnasium where I was always the first in the class, and also the naughtiest. I had a special gift for learning languages, and when I was twenty four I knew fourteen. Since I have meanwhile forgotten my Russian and Norwegian twelve should be left. This I clearly inherited from my mother who, when she was seventy, decided to learn Hebrew, and to walk up every morning to the nearby monastery to teach the Father Abbot what the psalms really meant, since the poor man could read them only in Latin. In 1914 my father went to Russia as a captain in the Artillery to defend the fatherland and I proved totally unmanageable. So I was sent to the public schools of Dr. Hermann Lietz, first to Ilsenburg in the Harz, and then to Haubinda in Thuringia. Dr. Lietz (28.4.1868-1919) had been a teacher at the Abbotsholme Public School in England, and had, in 1898, introduced Dr. Reddie's system into Germany[2]. He was a natural leader of boys, I adored his very footsteps, and he has had a decisive influence on my thinking — in four ways.

I. The first of these was anti-Semitism. This influence was all the more insidious in that it was unperceived. Only last year did I learn from a German book[3] that Dr. Lietz admitted no Jews, 'or other

[1]People have told me that I must have meant D. H. Lawrence. This is not so. Here is the quotation, taken from N. Dixon, *On the Psychology of Military Incompetence,* 1976, p.362 'Lawrence wrote: 'I have a terror of her knowing anything about my feelings or convictions, or way of life. If she knew they would be damaged, violated, no longer mine.' '

[2]For the basic facts, with useful bibliography, see Brockhaus Enzyklopaedie XI 461, 1970.

[3]See Appendix 10, No. (4).

forms of inferior life'. So in this respect we must think of the well-known Buddhist saying about the lotus and the mud.

II. There was Socialism and a concern for social justice which came to us by way of Henry George and the Hebrew Prophets.

III. Like my parents before, Dr. Lietz gave me a love and admiration for England and all it stands — or rather stood — for. The immediate effect was to make me learn English there and then, and I also resolved to go back to England when I grew up. I owe it to him that I could live in England for so many years and feel more at home there than elsewhere. As I said, both my parents were strongly Anglophile. My mother had been 'finished' in a boarding school on the Isle of Wight. My father on the whole thought little of modern European civilisation as compared with that of Classical Antiquity or the Far East, but nevertheless conceded that the English had at least some idea of how to live.

IV. Finally Dr. Lietz taught us the advantages of living a simple life in the country as against the wastefulness of the big cities which he regarded as the graveyards of a nation. Distaste for city life affected many Germans of my generation. It was one of the most attractive features of Lietz's *Landerziehungsheime* that they were situated in the countryside, far away from the debilitating stench of the cities[1]. When later on I joined the *Wandervoegel,* I often met other young men who took off their shoes and jubilantly walked barefoot caressing their Mother Earth from whom they had been barred by the asphalt of some dreadful conurbation. When later on Democracy and Civilisation razed their cities to the ground, quite a number of them rejoiced and hoped, though in vain, that this would be the end of a revoltingly unnatural type of existence. This attitude led me later on to avoid contaminating contacts with the Metropolitan intelligentsia, at their best a scrofulous and back-biting lot like George Orwell, and in the days of our Imperial decline largely a pack of precious pederasts. As I grew in experience, this preference for living modestly and quietly at the edge of society or at the very margin of civilisation was reinforced by considerations of prudence. As R. D. Laing has said so well in his 'The Politics of Experience', page 116, when he discusses the

[1]See Appendix 10, no. (5).

grave risks which attend a personal direct awareness of the inner world: 'Those who have survived have had exceptional qualities — a capacity for secrecy, slyness, cunning — a thoroughly realistic appraisal of the risks they run, not only from the spiritual realm that they frequent, but from the hatred of their fellows for anyone engaged in this pursuit.'

Militarism and Buddhism

There was, however, a fifth component of the broth on which we were fed, and this I have always resolutely rejected, with the result that I never felt really comfortable in Germany. This was the spirit of noisy, ultra-patriotic Pan-German militarism. To some extent this may have been due to the Koettgen blood of my mother's family. One of the English Koettgens sometimes had to come to business meetings in Langenberg, but always returned by train to Brussels to stay the night, because he could not possibly sleep in a country with so many soldiers in it. Another reason was a deep-seated and instinctive aversion to killing of any kind. On one occasion this brought me into conflict with my father whom I always tried to please in every way. My father was a keen hunter and tried to initiate me into his hunting ways. Once we came quite near a wonderful stag. He gave me his gun to shoot it, and with telescopic sights this would have been easy. I was so appalled that I deliberately shot high into the air, the stag disappeared and my father was very hurt in his feelings.

When I was thirteen I had my first remembered contact with Buddhism. In my father's library I found a German translation of Lafcadio Hearn's 'Gleanings in Buddha-Fields'. There in the section about Nirvana each paragraph was prefaced by a quotation from the *Diamond Cutter.* When I read these I felt that they represented a truth which I had once known, but which had faded as I grew up. In my early youth I was often very strongly aware of an experience, which must be fairly common, because its description by Wordsworth is one of the best-known pieces of English poetry.

> 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing Boy, ...

At length the Man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day.'

When I went to England I was surprised to find that a great poet should have put it exactly as I had felt it. Coming back to Lafcadio Hearn's rendering of the *Diamond Cutter,* I also felt that this was not exactly what had been said originally. And how right I was, because before me I had a German translation of an English translation of a Japanese translation of a Chinese translation of a Sanskrit original. So I resolved to gain access to that original one day, and exactly forty years later I published in Rome my edition of *Vajracchedikā Prajñāpāramitā,* which is still regarded as the standard edition of this classical text.

Universities

The spirit of rebelliousness nevertheless continued to irk me to such an extent that I changed school several times until at last I gained my *Abitur.* After that I went to University, first in Tuebingen where I was forced to study law, so as to take up the same profession as my father. In order to guarantee an easy advancement in my future career, I was put into the Corps Borussia which represented the plutocracy of the Rhinelands, as against the Corps Franconia who represented the nobility of Wuerttemberg, and it amused me how we used to look down on each other. Life in this Corps did not please me at all. My stomach could not bear the heavy drinking, nor did I want to have my cheek marked with the highly prized cuts *(Schmisse)* from our duels, in view of the fact that I wanted to go to England later. I regained the esteem of my colleagues, however, when at the end of the term I engaged in a public debate with Professor Karl Heim in front of a huge audience about the validity of Christianity. There was the young stud.jur. Eberhard Conze with the black and white ribbon of the Corps Borussia across his chest, holding his own against a famous Professor and in fact winning the debate in the eyes of the audience because most of my arguments were taken from Houston Stewart Chamberlain to whose ideas the audience was naturally attuned. The study of law bored me unutterably, so I moved on to Heidelberg where I studied philology, my father having forbidden philosophy as a 'breadless art'. It was there that I gained once again

a powerful impulse to study Buddhism. Walleser was there, as you know, and, in the circle of Rickert, there was great interest in Zen, which at that time led to the publication of Ohasama-Faust, 'The Living Buddhism of Japan'. At the same time I also studied the then very popular translations of K. E. Neumann and filled vast sheets with diagrams showing the inter-relation of the various Abhidhamma categories. Another impulse had come from my visits to Uncle Peter in Berlin. As Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies he was supposed to have sent ten thousand Hereros into the Kalahari Desert to die there from thirst. At mealtimes I watched with a mixture of fascination and horror how close together his eyes were. He had a great love for Classical antiquity and took me regularly to the Museums. Through him I also saw a very fine exhibit which had been assembled by a remote relative of ours, Professor Von Le Coq, of Turfan fame. To please my uncle he showed me his most prized possessions. Among them was an array of statues, later on destroyed in the air raids. They began on the left with an Apollo from Greece, and ended on the right with a Buddha from Japan, giving all the intermediaries which this image underwent on its way from Gandhara through Turkestan and China to Kamakura. This may have had something to do with kindling my interest in the cultural effects of the Silk Route which had, in any case, from early youth interested me as a member of a silk dynasty.

Impressed with a work which Prof. Heinrich Scholz had written on the philosophy of Religion I then moved on to Kiel, only to find that Scholz had succumbed to the craze for modern logic, which has dogged my footsteps ever since. When it came to choosing a topic for my doctoral dissertation I proposed either Schopenhauer or Spinoza. Both were rejected and Prof. Scholz one day emerged from the cellars of the University Library with an extremely dusty and mildewed old folio volume which turned out to be the *Disputationes Metaphysicae* of Franciscus Suarez S.J. Although Latin had always been my favourite subject at school, this scholastic Latin was totally different from that of Cicero, and so I was sent to the Jesuit monastery of Valkenburg in Holland, where I was taught scholastic Latin. The Jesuits made a great impression upon me and destroyed any belief I might still have had in the

Protestant religion. Through them I also came into contact with theories about the perennial philosophy which probably appealed to me because I myself have a profoundly unoriginal mind and am therefore inclined to agree with Goethe, when he said that 'the Truth has been found long ago and it is the ancient truth that you should get hold of.'

After some time I moved on to Cologne, which at that time had one of the finest philosophical faculties in Germany. There I formed a close friendship with Nicholas Diederichs, until recently President of the Republic of South Africa. In Cologne we had a man of genius called Max Scheler (1874-1928) to whom I owe more than I can say in a few words. Many of the brightest ideas in my later publications go back to him. Recently I re-read the third volume of Scheler's Collected Works[1], and there was no concealing the fact that many of my best and most treasured thoughts are already expressed in these essays, which date from the last years before the First World War. In particular the two pieces on *Ressentiment* (33-148) and the *Bourgeois* (341-398) seem to have had an indelible effect on my thinking. In 1928, on July 28th, I became a Ph.D. with my dissertation on 'The Concept of Metaphysics in Franciscus Suarez', which was later on published by Felix Meiner in Leipzig.

After some time I moved on to Bonn, where I came into contact with Theosophy and Astrology through Prof. Verweyen who was later killed by the Nazis. I also became very friendly with Prof. Walter Ruben, who taught me Sanskrit in exchange for a training in Marxism.

From Bonn I moved on to Hamburg where I had hoped to gain habilitation under Cassirer. This came to nothing because with the coming of the Nazis Cassirer was removed. Most of my time between 1928 and 1932 was spent on working on my large book about 'The Principle of Contradiction' which came out just a few months before the Nazi flood engulfed Germany. In summer 1924, at the Wembley Exhibition, my father had sent me to London to

[1] *Vom Umsturz der Werte*, 5th Ed. 1972. A few days ago I got a letter from a former American student who reminded me that I used to tell my audiences that except for Sanskrit, everything I had learnt at German Universities I had learnt from Max Scheler.

renew my British nationality and at that time I swore allegiance to King George V and all his successors. This now stood me in good stead and things came to a head on the birthday of the *Führer* when I, having a flat with a balcony, was asked to hang out a Nazi flag. I refused, and in the ensuing altercation it turned out from my documents that I was born in England. Thereupon the S.A. official spoke the memorable words; 'The *Führer* wants peace with England. You are not worth us getting into trouble with the English. We give you two months to clear out.' Accordingly I landed in Southampton on the Bremen on June 15th, 1933 with only the suit on my back and £4 in my pocket.

The Nazis

My detestation of the Nazis has always been total and again I owed this to a greater extent to my parents than I then realised. My father was at that time the highest judge in the Rhineland and worked in a huge judicial palace which he regarded as his own. When the Nazis put a swastika flag on this building, he sent up some underling with the order to take down this rag *(Lappen)* and then went home expecting to be arrested[1]. Instead he got a letter telling him that his resignation was accepted. My mother reacted violently and quite unexpectedly. First of all she used to engage Jews in conspicuous conversation on the *Koenigsallee* in Duesseldorf to annoy the Nazis. Then she broke with four unbroken centuries of Protestantism by becoming converted to the Catholic Church and taking up residence near a monastery. One day the SS took over part of the monastery as a home for their illegitimate children *(Lebensborn),* and when they removed the Sacred Host she snatched it up and ran away with it to the great astonishment of the SS. In fact my aversion to the Nazi system has been so complete that it has coloured my political outlook in many ways, since I have regarded anything else as distinctly preferable to that.

Since it was Adolf Hitler who blew my life off course I have naturally often tried to size him up. There are two sides to him, one in the occult, the other in the natural world. As for the first, I agree

[1]See Appendix 10, no. (5a).

with Speer that because he himself was nothing, he provided ample room for demonic forces to operate in him. From this point of view he was a manifestation of a force which was not unlike that of Vajrapāṇi, rather a left-hand form of him, just as their swastika was a left-hand one. I will leave it at that. On the worldly plane he once again illustrates the danger of allowing the Lower Middle Classes to exercise power. Compared with the *Herren Doktoren* who ran Germany with some competence, he revealed himself as an over-excited philistine[1] whose upbringing had given him no experience of how the world runs itself.

My father took me on January 27th, 1932 to a meeting in Duesseldorf at the Industrieklub where Adolf Hitler, at the instigation of Thyssen and Kirdorff, tried to win the support of the rich. When he saw Hitler in his ill-fitting black suit, my father said, 'This fellow looks just like a seedy waiter.'[2] Thus he summed up eleven years of German history.

Section 2. 1933-1948

So this was the first part of the story, covering the first twenty nine years of my life which were spent in Germany. The second part will now show how the ardent young communist of 1933 was transformed into the dedicated Buddhist scholar of 1948. In that year, when I was 44, began the third and last part which is still going on.

First days in London

In 1933 life in London was at first very hard. The man in the street did not welcome us at all. It seemed to them that the country was already sufficiently stocked with Jews, Socialists and Communists, and the severity of the police authorities reflected

[1]The German for this is *ein wildgewordener Spiessbuerger.* So far the English language has no equivalent for this term which indicates the manifest though not necessarily the essential side of the Great Adolf. Alas, it may be that the English in their decadence are beginning to breed this type now.

[2]Appendix 10, no. (6).

their attitude fairly well. This did not affect me, however, as, to my great relief, I soon exchanged my German passport for a British one. A number of Jews and Liberals — like the Samuels and Meynells, — provided accommodation for us in the more agreeable residential districts of Central London and the West End. Without their generous help we would not have survived for long. They showed English society at its best. The universities soon woke up to the fact that they could pick up at bargain prices the finest products of what had been, before the Nazis, the finest university system in the world, and the Academic Assistance Council started to funnel us into jobs here or in the U.S.A. For a short time I tried to earn money by giving German lessons. These were not a success, because I had not the remotest idea of German grammar. Asked what the prefix VER means in VERGESSEN, I would think up some kind of theory, only to find that it failed to work with VERLOREN. In addition I met with an obstinate refusal to learn. The mentality of the English is still that of the sailor who said in disgust, — 'The French call a cabbage a shoe *(choux),* why don't they call it a cabbage if they know it is one?' or, as my second, English, wife put it later when I urged her to learn some German for our visits to Germany, — 'I don't care a damn what these bloody Huns call anything'. This sturdy and disdainful spirit has helped to make English into a world language, and one of the greatest benefits of my return to England has been that I have been able to do my Buddhist work in English and not in German, a language scarcely worth writing in any longer on scholarly matters concerning the East.

Ellen Wilkinson and R. H. Tawney

Before people could, however, see through my incompetence as a teacher of German I had acquired as one of my pupils Miss Ellen Wilkinson, a prominent labour politician who helped me greatly to settle in England. She took me to all sorts of parties and at one of these I met Prof. R. H. Tawney who launched me into the Extramural Department of London University. I regret to say that I had not heard of him before. There was some rumour of some Englishman having commented on Max Weber's thesis about the close connection between modern capitalism and Protestantism, but then

at that time few German academics would have looked to England for guidance in scholarship. In those early days I had not got used to the Englishman's ploy of making fools of strangers by playing the fool himself, and so I was almost incredulous at the ignorance concerning events in Germany which he seemed to show when he asked me about them. In his words to Ellen Wilkinson: 'Conze talked a hole into my stomach' — which was not a compliment because he had been hit by a bullet in his stomach in the First World War and therefore felt less love for Germans than, as a devout Anglican Christian, he should have felt. At our first meeting we clashed fiercely because we are both fierce and unbending people. But we also discovered that our basic conviction, our outlook on life, was the same, — we were both religious socialists, he from an Anglican and I from a Tolstoyan point of view. So he took me under his wings. He was so impressed by my first hand knowledge of German politics that he persuaded Arnold Toynbee to let me talk about the subject at the Royal Institute of International Affairs. In the course of this lecture I predicted the massacre of Roehm and the S.A. leaders which took place a few weeks later, and my reputation for sagacity soared. For the Autumn the University of London at Tawney's request then gave me two Tutorial Classes in psychology. A tutorial class is a class for adults which lasts for three years, starts with twenty four people and needs sixteen to continue, — that is to say, great guile is needed to keep these random people together for all that time and that without any monetary reward for them. I was very successful at this game. No class of mine ever failed and this was the main source of my income until 1959 when I finally moved away from the London area. Another incident further endeared me to Tawney. To try me out, he had given me a class in Woking which, as he later told me, was the one place in which he himself had failed. This does not surprise me. Woking, half an hour away from London, is inhabited by small-timers such as bank clerks and so on who imagine that they are better than the working classes and are an easy prey to sub-fascist sentiments. There was some hostility from the start. It came to a head in the fifth meeting when some bully complained about my accent and asked me what my nationality was. For some reason I was inspired to give the right

answer (the Buddhist term for this is *pratibhāna*), and I said. 'My nationality is that of your Royal family, — British born of German ancestors.' The sporting instincts of the audience were aroused. I got tremendous applause and Woking has been a stronghold of Conzean influence until the very end in 1959. The advantage for scholars of this Tutorial class system was that one could earn enough by lecturing only in winter on four evenings, thus leaving the entire summer and all hours of daylight free for study. Even during the War I could continue this work on a slightly lower scale, — and I spent many happy hours in Bournemouth teaching psychology to the WRENS who were easily the prettiest of His Majesty's Forces. My friendship with R. H. Tawney continued until his death in 1962. About 1950 he gave me invaluable help in my struggle with the Extramural Department of Oxford University.

J. P. M. Millar and the NCLC

It was also through Ellen Wilkinson that I met my other good friend, J. P. M. Millar, director of the N.C.L.C. (National Council of Labour Colleges), a Marxist organisation devoted to the education of Trade Unionists, which brought forth such leaders of the Labour Party as Aneurin Bevan and other Leftists. If one excepts the highest ranges of the academic world, it can in general be said that Scotsmen are better educated than Englishmen, and that is one reason why Germans may find it easier to form intimate friendships with them. The only barrier between us was his lack of one might describe as a sense of humour. I am always full of jokes and he used to tell me that 'there is no point in telling these jokes to a Scotsman; they are to us what the German U-boats were to the English during the last War; we cannot see them'. He soon set me to work re-cataloguing the library of their London Centre near Hampstead, revising their correspondence courses, re-writing their text-books on psychology and economics, and writing two books, one on 'Why War?' (1934) and one 'Introduction to Dialectical Materialism' (1936). He edited a paper called *Plebs* for which I wrote regularly, and by October 1934 I had stirred up sufficient controversy to be given the headline 'Conze in the Cockpit'. The tone of my writings was anti-Fascist, pro-Socialist, Anti-Imperialist and Pacifist. All went well until Mr. Ernest Bevin came to hear of it

and threatened to withdraw his subsidy of £1,000 a year unless Conze was tamed. He was a very powerful Trade Union boss and a prize bully of the first order, who could give reactionary sentiments the benefit of a bluff and folksy manner. But still I went on writing quite a lot until 1939 when freedom of speech was greatly curtailed throughout the country.

Books written with Ellen Wilkinson

We must now return to Ellen Wilkinson (8.10.1891-1947), who was the fountainhead of all this bounty. She soon lost interest in learning German and had in fact no aptitude for it. The only German phrase which she ever managed to memorise was a short verse which I taught her on our early morning rides in her car when she persisted in loudly singing in the still morning air[1]. She was an undersized fiery red-headed agitator, a British Rosa Luxemburg from the slums of Manchester, who, for a time, had been an elementary school teacher. Her physical courage made me gasp when I saw it in action in Spain[2]. Her mind, however, was fairly negligible. I called it a blotting paper mind, because the last impression always showed; by listening to her you always knew who had spoken to her last. In Mr. Attlee's Cabinet she was the only woman. He skilfully neutralised her by putting her into Education which overstrained her so much that she soon died from an overdose of sleeping pills. While she was Minister of Education I saw her once in her office in Belgrave Square. It was sad to see her so harassed and out of her depth.

She was a helpless victim of the English class structure and adored nothing so much as the aristocracy, even if it was only a recently jumped-up Labour Lord like Lord Marley, a Hungarian beauty co-opted as the Countess of Listowel, or a Virginian dame like Lady Astor. One of these titled ladies was Lady Rhondda. She was the wife of a Welsh mine owner, and used the money wrenched from the stunted bodies of the Welsh miners to patronize the Arts

[1]See Appendix 10, no. (7)

[2]For instance, in a Square of Toledo we sat in a café. Stirred up by officers from the Alcazar a riot developed outside and soon the Guardia Civil sprayed the square with machine gun bullets. All sensible people withdrew; except of course for tiny Ellen who had to rush into the Square to see better and beckoned me to do likewise.

and to edit a Christian-orientated Journal called 'Time and Tide'. Ellen tried to rope me in as a contributor, and I did a few small bits. For these *Memoirs* someone has pasted in for me all the articles I wrote between 1934 and 1939 (See Appendix 1). To my surprise I find that the first thing I published on these shores was a review of a book by Professor Banse on German war preparations, which appeared in the issue of 'Time and Tide' for March 3rd, 1934, less than nine months after my arrival in Southampton. Four years later I signalled my conversion to Buddhism by starting a brawl with Major John Morris over a contemptuous review he had written of Steinilber-Oberlin's 'The Buddhist Sects of Japan'. In my attack on him I had referred to P. Loti's *Madame Chrysanthème* as an Opera, obviously confusing it with Puccini's *Madame Butterfly*. As a result of prolonged studies in the Reading Room of the BM I could, however, come up in the end with Messager's 1893 opera of that title, and honour was thus satisfied. After that there seems to be nothing.

All those connected with the Journal had now and then a dinner, presided over by her Ladyship. I was invariably seated with Winifred Holtby (1898-1935), a Yorkshire novelist who looked like a sea-horse and died soon after. In my scale of values women novelists do not rate very high, and in addition I thought her incredibly boring. She put me into *South Riding* (1936), the novel she was writing then, treating me as rather expendable[1]. Another of these emancipated females was Elizabeth Haldane, the wife of J. B. S. Haldane. She was an active lesbian (at least by way of propaganda), and wrote biographies of women who had done men in the eye. Another highly placed female was a rubber fetishist. She spent one whole evening at a party explaining to me the delights of this fad which had even a Journal of its own. People took off their clothes, put on rubber and then did things to each other. For instance, they put oil on themselves and then wrestled, thus giving rise to a lot of funny squish-squosh noises. She failed to win me as a

[1]There I am 'Ernst, German Communist friend of Sarah Burton'. He gets short thrift, being disposed of in seven lines. He is 'lean, brown and eager', meets the heroine in the summer in the Black Forest, wants peace and comradeship, is given a Jewish mother and is probably beaten to death in Dachau. — Balzac would have done better.

recruit for her cult. A man greatly admired in these circles had lost both his legs in the War, though his artificial ones were almost unnoticeable. He slept with a different female each night, partly because of his satisfactory virility, and partly because they were all interested in the mechanics of intercourse with him. At least that is what Ellen told me. They sure were a raffish lot. They did little to win my heart for 'women's rights'. They were also a war-mongering lot. Their target was not only Germany, but also Japan, Britain's other trade rival. One of their ranks was Freda Utley (1899-1978), an acerbic Liberal journalist who wrote an almost incredibly vicious book on that country ('Japan's Feet of Clay'). I had a chance of dealing with it in *Controversy,* an I.L.P. journal edited by my friend Dr. C. A. Smith, who was also a Tutorial Class Tutor and who, in those days, devoted much research to the origins of the State. On re-reading my article I still regard it as one of the best things I ever wrote. Miss Utley replied, but to no great purpose. At that time British gunboats operated freely on the Yangtze River and caused casualties among the local population. When I described this to Ellen as an Imperialist abomination, and said that people would be better occupied in clearing up her native Manchester, tears came into her eyes and she told me with convincing fervour that, 'to me the problems of the millgirls of Shanghai are as important as those of the millgirls of Manchester'. I rejoiced at this evidence of socialist internationalism. The whole lot of them were filled with a sense of mission and the thought of them still makes me shudder. The Best of the Tribe's Men had died in the Trenches. Perforce Women took over, and called it Progress. Those who got to the top were so desperately unhappy that the Quality of Life worsened all around them. It may be that things have become better since then. Thrown so suddenly and unexpectedly into this gaggle of emancipated females, I could keep up my morale only by thinking of what John Knox had said about the 'Monstrous Regiment of Women'. Years later I encountered their spiritual children in Berkeley where they were propagating something then known as 'Women's Liberation'. Some good stories about this will be told in our Chapter on Berkeley.

For a while Ellen and I were fairly useful to each other and that kept us together. The first fruit of our labours was 'Why War?'

which came out in July, 1934, barely a year after I had landed in England. It sold very well and caused a great stir at the time, and that for two reasons. The one was that the sub-title called it 'A Handbook for those who will take part in the Second World War'. This prophetic statement shocked those who believed that they had won eternal peace in 1918. The second was the thesis, which I had imposed upon Ellen, that this War would be just an ordinary Imperialist war, and that no self-respecting Socialist would have anything to do with it. She went back on this later on and became one of the most vocal Labour War-mongers. In September 1939 she was heard to say how happy and relieved she was that War had been declared at last. Nor can this be attributed to any depravity in her character. Whatever she may have felt as a private person, as a public figure she was a representative of the people of her Jarrow constituency. And when the capitalist system once again found a use for those people it was only making them build battle ships, and so on, which could be used to kill Germans.

Next we did 'Why Fascism?' (1934). At that time the problem was that Nazism was represented as a farrago of monstrous absurdities and people wanted to know how the highly educated Germans could have fallen for such a nonsense. Our answer was that (1) in 1933 Nazism was in the short term the least of all possible evils and (2) that it was quite a sensible system if one assumed that it existed to undo the defeat of 1918 by a new War. This raised a terrible outcry and led to my expulsion from the Hampstead Labour Party which even Ellen's eloquence could not prevent. We had planned a third volume, to be called 'Why Socialism?' Nothing came of it because we could not agree on anything. She also had increasingly to consider her job as an Organiser of the N.U.D.A.W. who were none too enamoured of this German intellectual who put all those strange ideas into her head.

'Spain to-day'

In May 1936 I went to Spain on behalf of the publisher Warburg because I felt that the situation there was on the point of boiling up. This was the end of my political involvement. Ellen Wilkinson, who came down to drive me about in her car, later on told me that I never once smiled or laughed during my entire visit. This was most

unusual, because generally I am full of fun and games. From the very start I saw clearly that a huge senseless tragedy was shaping itself, that many people (two million by the end) would be killed for nothing whatever and that few would gain anything from all this turmoil. My I.L.P. introductions, from Fenner Brockway and others, first put me in touch with Joaquin Maurin and Juan Andrade, leaders of the P.O.U.M., a 'Marxist Workers Party' aiming at the 'unification' of the proletariat, though in fact a Trotzkyite organisation. They shamed my heart with the purity of their motives, but their ideological stance continued to puzzle my head, although their writings became a prime source of my 'Spain To-day'. For Caballero I felt romantic adulation as for 'the Spanish Lenin'[1], but the only people I really liked were the anarchists[2]. In the plushy old stuffy Cortez I met Azaña and his like, and saw that these people were just fatties[3], typical of free-masonry in the Catholic countries of the Mediterranean. During the weeks that I stayed in Barcelona, the anarchists were already sufficiently influential to make it clear to everybody that theirs was not a movement to run an industrial society but to bring it to a halt in no time. Not that this would have greatly bothered me. In rural Spain I caught a glimpse of pre-Industrial man and I realized how much we have lost. This has been written about much better by Coomaraswamy and other followers of the perennial philosophy. Whenever I re-read that masterpiece, 'The Bugbear of Literacy', I cannot help recalling the contrast which I noticed in 1936 between the type of man who then inhabited Spain and the denizens of the metropolis of London. In Spain I consorted with men who were serene, dignified, courteous and superior to economic considerations. Back in London I sat in the Underground next to people whose pallor and sickly complexion betokened the unnatural life they were leading and the de-natured food they were eating (just think of their 'bread'!). Their dejected features and posture showed how defeated they were, glued to their newspapers which gave them

[1]*Spain To-day*, 1936, p. 108

[2]The rhapsodic account I gave of them on pp. 62-75 was still held against me by US Immigration officials in Seattle in 1968.

[3]There are several unfriendly comments on their physical appearances on pp. 139-140 of my book.

a totally false picture of the outer world. At least so it struck me at the time. Those who were not there tell me that I merely succumbed to the myth of the Noble Savage.

In Spain I had several brushes with the Communists. Trouble began soon after my arrival. The headquarters of the GPU for the Mediterranean were at that time in Barcelona. Exactly half an hour after being seen with Maurin in a café I was visited by two of its agents at my Pension. Unimpressed by my explanations they put a 'shadow' on me who reported on whatever I did during my stay in that delightful city. If he is still alive, he owes it to me because I gratefully declined an anarchist offer to rub him out. Later on in England the CP pursued me with their hatred for many years. They had told the gullible English public that the Civil War was a fight between a few feudal officers and their Moors on one side and the Spanish People on the other. In 'Spain To-day', I had given the election figures for 1936 which showed that the Right had had a majority of the popular vote[1] which was turned into a governmental minority only by the defection of the Basques. Quite a campaign was mounted against me. Sylvia Pankhurst, whom I had irritated by querying the democratic credentials of the Negus of Ethiopia, petitioned the House of Commons for my expulsion from the country. For once the old suffragette was thwarted. At some time *The Daily Worker* got a screaming fit and told everybody that this Trotzkyite spearhead of the bourgeoisie had, under the Weimar Republic, been a 'social fascist' (which is double-think for democratic socialist) and in the Kaiser's Germany a Right Wing Social Democrat of the Noske faction. Ellen Wilkinson made them print her reply pointing out that in 1914 I was only ten years old and could therefore give little help to the evil Noske. So a good time was had by all!

Reasons for quitting politics

So often have I been asked why, after only three years in England, I should have turned my back on politics, that I will say a few words on this. First of all the communists I met were

[1]p. 119. 4.356 m. for Popular Front, 4.570 m. for Right. See also the comments on pp. 120-21.

completely different from those I had known in Germany. Most came from Public Schools and harboured obscure resentments about their parents, headmasters and the O.T.C. Since those days I have met many former public school boys and felt that these institutions must have greatly changed since the days when Dr. Lietz knew them. In my current view they have contributed as much to England's decline as anyone else. In fact their training seemed to be mainly designed to make it impossible for them to communicate with anyone else on equal terms, and the Suez debacle in 1956 was the fitting consummation of their self-absorbed isolation from the rest of mankind. The only brain in the party was an Indian by the name of R. Palme Dutt. He issued a journal called 'Labour Monthly'. In it he soon proceeded to tear strips off my back for having suggested that the capitalists might quite well destroy mankind before they could be superseded by socialism. This was a well-known commonplace in the thought of Rosa Luxemburg whose interpretation of Marxism always appealed to me because her motivation was similar to my own. Like her I see socialism as the restoration of the prehistoric innocence and brotherhood of the human race, which in her thinking appeared as 'primitive Communism' *(Ur-Kommunismus*[1]*)* and in mine as the 'Perennial Philosophy'. Our thesis was, however, against the Canons of Soviet determinism and the naive Soviet belief in the inevitability of progress[2]. In the June 1934 issue of *Plebs* I had briefly reviewed a pamphlet on 'Dialectical Materialism and Communism', written by L. Rudas of the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute in Moscow. This led to a fierce ten-page reply from Mr. Rudas himself in the September issue of *The Labour Monthly* (XVI, 11, 563-572), followed by a further exchange of pleasantries in the November issue (692-695). What I had said was:

[1]This indicates one way in which Marxism is a secularised form of Christianity with its four phases:
(1) Adam and Eve in Paradise = Primitive Communism.
(2) The Fall of Man = Private Property and War.
(3) The Redemption of Man on the Cross = the Proletarian Revolution.
(4) The Second Coming of Christ = the Withering away of the State.
Both have got stuck a bit between (3) and (4).

[2]Personally I prefer F. Engels' view in *Dialektik der Natur* that progress ipso facto involves a corresponding regress. See Appendix 10, no. (8).

'Two things may be the outcome of the breakdown of capitalism.Decaying Capitalism either results in Socialism or in chaos and in barbarism.'

To this L. Rudas triumphantly replies: (p. 571):

'But what does barbarism mean? Babarism means (in the exact sense of the word and not as a metaphor) the disappearance of large scale production, the return of small scale production in consequence, *the disappearance of all those millions and hundreds of millions of population which inhabit the globe today, the disappearance of the entire modern proletariat and peasantry.* Is this possible, is this even conceivable? No, it is not possible. People who speak glibly of the eventuality of barbarism have very little power of imagination, they do not know what they are saying. The proletariat will resist to the utmost this attempt to extirpate it. It *must* resist to the utmost. The *mere fact of its existence* will force it to resist. This is what I meant when I spoke of the inevitability of our victory, when I spoke of dialectics as the guarantee of our victory. For the highly developed productive forces of modern society and the mere existence of a multi-million proletariat *make any return to 'barbarism' impossible.* The immanent laws of modern society compel the proletariat to fight till it is victorious. Death or victory — this is the only alternative for the proletariat. But death is impossible for thousands of millions, not to speak of the existence of the Soviet Union which I referred to as a proof of the inevitability of our victory.'

Thirty years later I can only say: 'Ha! Ha!' Of course it would be a mistake to say that at that time I was aware that our highly gifted physicists were beavering away in their laboratories in Goettingen, Copenhagen and Harvard to find a means of enabling mankind to terminate its existence. Nevertheless, in my reply (on pp. 693-4) I do not do too badly.

"Cicero could as little imagine the disappearance of millions of slaves, as Mr. Rudas can that of millions of proletarians. The process can be very slow. It may operate not only through drastic methods of modern warfare, with its possibilities of spreading

epidemics, but also through the gradual lowering of the birth rate.'

On his side Rudas concluded the debate by saying that:

'I must renounce the pleasure of entering into a discussion with Mr. Conze on philosophical questions, or on the scientific work going on in the Soviet Union, or on anything else whatever.' (p. 695).

So be it! The incident did nothing to increase my respect for the intellectual level of Russian Marxism at that time. In the hands of uncultured hacks the dialectics cannot do much good. An Apocalyptic note has, incidentally, characterized my thinking for as long as I can think back. In my boyhood one heard a lot about the caves which the Abbé Breuil had discovered in the Dordogne. I mused on what life would be like if we were forced back into such caves. In particular it bothered me to think that one would either be cold or have smoke in the eyes and throat. If I found a solution to that problem I must have forgotten it. Later on I adopted the philosophy which I believe arose before the deadly and debilitating disease of Urban Civilisation corrupted man and which was practised in its most perfect form in the caves of Asia, whether in India, or China, or Tun-Huang.

Through Ellen Wilkinson I became acquainted with many of the leaders of the Labour Party. The only one among them who impressed me with the nobility of his spirit and the magnanimity of his soul was George Lansbury who was soon to be pushed out by Ernest Bevin for his unwavering Pacifism. In England most people in their attitude to Pacifism take their cue from the Archbishop of Canterbury, — while there is peace he is all for it, but as soon as he sees the chance of a War he is prepared, "with a heavy heart" to find a Godly reason for it.

Apart from John Jagger, the few Trade Union leaders whom I met also did not make a good impression. It might be unduly harsh to describe them as intellectually contemptible and morally reprehensible, but they certainly inspired little confidence outside their extremely limited sphere of vision and competence. Once I went, with a number of top Trade Unionists, to Wales. In the Dinorwig slate quarry one of them asked me, — 'E.C. Do you know our definition of a worker?' and then added, 'He is the man

who does the kind of work which we will never go back to whatever happens.' This hurt me greatly. Now and then, when my mother was particularly fed up with me, she used to call me 'L'incorruptible' after Robespierre, and in the CP I was a proper Strelnikow. The prospect of this lot ruling England seemed none too appetising. Backed by a mere 28 percent of the popular vote their successors have been busy re-fashioning England in their own image. The remaining 72 percent just keep on muttering to themselves, or run away as far as they can, 3,300,000 emigrating in ten years.

The worst shock came from my contact with the leaders of the India League. Krishna Menon, their Secretary, was an exceptionally poisonous piece of work. He had an outsize chip on his shoulder and rejoiced in being offensive to anyone who made him feel small. He was a Reader for Selwyn & Blount, a subsidiary of Hutchinson's who had commissioned our book on 'Why Fascism?'. I was in desperate need of the advance of £90, but that depended on his accepting our typescript of the book. Nothing happened for a long time and in the end Ellen and I went to his office, or rooms, in one of the back alleys near Fleet Street. It was as untidy as his mind and so overstrewn with typescripts that it was not easy to find a place where to sit. After much rummaging about he found our file, and told us that he could not accept our book because it was not written in proper English. Ellen became angry and told him that she had typed out every word with her own fair hand. To which he replied, 'My firm cannot accept a book written in English as she is spoken on the banks of the Rhine'. My immediate retort, 'There is no reason to believe that the English spoken on the banks of the Rhine is any worse than the English spoken on the banks of the river Ganges,' made me an enemy for life. He caused endless trouble about having my name on the dust cover, and then poisoned against me the mind of his dear friend Nehru whom in the end he ruined in 1962. This led to Nehru's belated reconversion to astrology, which in his foolishness he had derided all his life, after he had been told, against all reason, that he 'would be betrayed by his best friend and that India would be involved in a War with China'[1].

[1]M. Edwardes, *Nehru* 1973 p.325

Nehru himself I often met in Ellen Wilkinson's flat in Guildford Street. He seemed to me a man of incredible ignorance and conceit, all vanity on the outside and all hollowness inside. He clearly knew not what matters in life, treated the half-baked notions of Kingsley Martin and *The New Statesman* as a new VEDA and spoke of his countrymen in their actuality in such a way that he was unlikely to do them much good. When I compare his bearing with that of my own forefathers, I see that in the Imperial structure he fulfilled the role of either a Pukka sahib, only slightly off-white, or of the typical WOG, the Worthy Oriental Gentleman who had swallowed the values of his white masters hook line and sinker. No wonder that power was, fifteen years later, handed over to this betrayer of the ideals and injunctions of the Mahatma, — each one of them! It was fitting that his rule should begin with a magnificent massacre of Indians by Indians 'in which half a million people died and millions were uprooted from their ancestral homes'[1], and should be followed by a goodly number of further 'Just Wars', — from Kashmir over Hyderabad, Goa and so on, up to Bangladesh and Nagaland, — by a temporary intellectual and cultural collapse in the early years of Free India and by the export of innumerable monkeys for the delectation of vivisectionists[2], and then under his daughter by the large scale torture of political opponents, by sterilizations on an almost Hitlerian scale, and so on and so on. Jawaharlal, Indira, Sanjay, — a mere thirty years have proved enough.

All this lay in the future and could only vaguely have been

[1]M. Brecher, *Nehru: A Political Biography,* 1959, p.334. 'Each atrocity bred an equivalent response and, within days, the 'Land of the Five Rivers' was aflame with bestiality' (p.362). — 'In sheer numbers' the trek 'was the greatest in history, probably about twelve million', p.363.

[2]*Time* magazine (6.2.78) p.54 writes about the U.S. Defence Nuclear Agency. "One typical set of tests was designed to simulate the effects of the neutron bomb which kills not by blast or burning but by radiation. In order to determine a monkey's work capacity when healthy, they were conditioned by means of electric shocks to run on a treadmill for six hours. Then they were subjected to huge doses of radiation — from 2-10 times what would ordinarily be fatal for most human beings — then put back on the treadmill to see how their capacities had been impaired and how long they survived. They lasted from seven hours to almost six days. In the meantime they suffered the predictable effects of radiation exposure, vomiting, diarrhoea, loss of hair and so on.' According to an earlier issue of *Time* magazine the noble *pandita* liked to stage for foreign visitors fights to the death between a mongoose and a cobra.

foretold from the bland unlined beautiful features of this self-infatuated darling of the Gods. What then and there horrified me in my encounters with Nehru and other Congress Hindus was to find that they were zombies who, unbeknown to them, had lost their souls to their conquerors. People who have a purpose in life are often prefigured in mythology. Where I myself am a manifestation of Ulysses, the Goddess Kali obviously animates all that Indira does, and her darling son reminds me of the Kutumbaka Demons. When reading through the *Mahabharata* in Van Buitenen's translation, I wonder when I will come across Pandit Nehru. Having been the object of so much adulation from his countrymen he must have stood for something in them. I mention all this here because it has had a decisive influence on my life. Once, after a long discussion with him in Ellen's flat, I became so depressed that I did something which I have rarely done in my life, — I got drunk in public, thereby disgracing both Ellen and myself.

The final demolition of my commitment to politics was carried out by my friend F. A. Voigt, a journalist of German origin on 'The Manchester Guardian' and a devout Christian. Through our conversations, and to a lesser extent by his somewhat uncongenial book *Unto Caesar* (1938), he put into my head four basic ideas which have proved 'seminal' in that they have been growing in me ever since. (1) He mistrusted power as something intrinsically evil and believed that as such it must corrupt without fail. Power should be defined, I thought, as the ability to disregard the wishes of others. This has led me to the conviction that no man is good enough to be another man's master. My sympathies with anarchists have never been in abeyance since those days, though they began sometime before. Now and then I have wanted to dedicate these Memoirs of mine to the memory of Sacco and Vanzetti whose judicial murder on April 23rd, 1927 had helped to propel me towards the CP. I can still hear ringing in my ears the sound of the newspaper boys in the Hohestrasse in Cologne shouting, 'Sacco-Vanzetti ermordet' and still feel what I felt then as if it were yesterday. (2) As a corollary Voigt showed me that any political movement which uses violence to enforce its ideals is bound to produce the very opposite of what it had intended to do. This was made clear from the English Revolution, from the French

Revolution, and from what was happening in Russia under our very eyes, especially when compared with 'State and Revolution'. (3) It was Voigt who drew my attention to Swift's *Gullivers Travels* as a repository of profound political wisdom. In my *'Buddhist Thought in India'* (p.20) I have referred to the *Voyage to Laputa* as the best description of the sciential madness of our times. Voigt himself showed me the classical passage in the *Voyage to the Houyhnhnms* (Ch. VII) about the democratic madness of our time. This confirmed me in the belief that leaders of any democracy — parliamentary, plutocratic, popular or racial — must be rotters, because their adherents want them to be so. The 'ruling *Yahoo*' is 'always more *deformed* in Body, and *mischievous in Disposition,* than any of the rest.' 'He usually continues in Office till a worse can be found; but the very Moment he is discarded, his Successor, at the Head of all the *Yahoos* in that district, Young and Old, Male and Female, come in a Body, and discharge their Excrements upon him, from Head to Foot.' What a valuable lesson that was! (4) The basic thesis of his book was that Communism and Nazism are secularized religions which try to establish the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. That 'is always the Procrustean Bed which can be made to fit mankind only by War, terrorism, the prison, the concentration camp, the firing squad and the hangman's rope' (p.251). Over the years this has led me to consider the relation of modern thought to the traditional religions. I have found it to be utterly barren, devoid of originality, and subsisting only by secularising ideas formerly expressed in a religious form.

So at thirty five in the middle of my life I had, as Dante would have it, 'lost my way in the middle of a dark wood'[1]. All my previous beliefs had collapsed and lay around me shattered to pieces.

[1]Like Dante I have years later passed judgement on my contemporaries in the style of the *Divine Comedy*. Barbara Wootton and Christmas Humphreys are placed into Purgatory, and treated as case histories of two people irreparably damaged in their youth by masonry falling on their heads from the collapsing structure of the Imperial Dream. In the Hells, further down, there groan such figures as Arthur Waley, J. D. Bernal, and Jawaharlal Nehru. Above in the Empyrean Heights live such scholars as Lamotte, Tucci, Needham and Suzuki, with my father staying in another compound nearby, while such large-souled heroes *(Magnanimos Heroas)* as Stalin and Gandhi look in now and then. The position of my mother is a bit uncertain. At times she may converse with Barbara and Christmas, while at other times she can be seen teaching Hindi to Nehru.

My first Marriage

At the same time my private life also reached an alltime low and I must now turn to the painful subject of my first marriage. Between 1929 and 1933 I had lived in Germany with a Jewess from East Prussia. When I left for England she was expecting our child, i.e. our daughter Jane, who was born on March 2nd 1934 and is now happily married with two children to a Dr. Adam who lives in Banbury just north of Oxford. Among other things she fulfilled my wildest dreams of rebelliousness against my family. When I joined the Corps Borussia in Tuebingen I had been asked to assure them on my word of honour that there had been no Jewish blood in the family for the last, I think, three generations. I confidently gave this assurance because the family history went back to the sixteenth century and no Jew occurred anywhere at all. Now I know that this confidence was misplaced because in the continuation, so far only in type-script, there is a Vancouver marriage with Muriel Green in 1967, but no London marriage with Thea Finkelstein in 1933, and my daughter Jane will remain unknown to future Conzes.

Throughout my life I have usually done pretty well what I wanted to do, but with the arrival in London of Dorothea I was for once deprived of all possibility of a choice. I knew that outside Germany a marriage could not possibly work, but she had permission for only three months in England and would then have had to go back, where, with her name and physical appearance, the Nazis would soon have bumped her off. So we got married in August 1933, and, as she later became converted to the Catholic Church, she could resist divorce until 1967 when I at last got the better of her, paid her £5,000 and so managed to undo what had been a mistake from the first.

The importance of Jews in my life

In this context I should draw attention to the great importance which Jews have had in my life. My very first publication, in 1927, had been an annotated Bibliography of the Durkheim School in *Von Wiese's Zeitschrift Fuer Soziologie.* I had discovered Durkheim and his school on a lengthy visit to Paris in 1926. As you will know, Durkheim was not only Jewish, but, as the descendant of eight generations of rabbis, he represented the very quintessence

of Jewishness. Max Scheler was a half-Jew and an early Zionist. My work on the Principle of Contradiction was, of course, a contribution to the Marxist Dialectics. What in my first years in England I taught as 'Psychology' was largely Freud, Oedipus complex and all. Warburg and Cassirer were among my first publishers. My 'Buddhism' book, which first gave me a reputation as a Buddhist scholar, owed its existence to three Jews: to William Cohn who had planned it as a book on Buddhist art; the publisher Guenther Hell (Hill), a son-in-law of Bruno Cassirer of Berlin; and Arthur Waley, a German Jew from Tunbridge Wells, who had spent his first thirty five years on earth as David Arthur Schloss. Later on in America, the entire Bronx seemed to have migrated to the campuses, and so on and so on. This Jewishness of my intellectual surroundings has always puzzled me, particularly because it does not go very well with the views which Dr. Lietz implanted into me in my youth. This is just only one of the many contradictions which are contained within me and it is almost the only one which at times bothers me a little. When in 1932 my mother was shown a copy of my *Der Satz vom Widerspruch* she exclaimed immediately, — 'No wonder Eberhard has written a book like that. He himself is nothing at all, just a bundle of contradictions'[1]. Nor was she so far off the mark. For who were the other people who took my fancy in Paris in 1926? The *Action Française* and especially Barrès with his Météques.

Women in my life

At this point I had intended to insert for the American market an entertaining chapter on the subject of Dr. Conze and women. It would have given a more or less truthful account of my sex life, beginning with my initiation into the facts of life at the age of fifteen on a polar bear rug in my parents' bedroom by a lusty blonde servant girl called Anna, up to the days of my dotage when I am a bit like the American who went to his psychiatrist and said to him, 'Doctor, in my younger days I used to run after the girls, but

[1] In this context we may recall Scott Fitzgerald's remark in *Crack-up* that 'the test of a first-rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time and still continue to function'. See Appendix 10, no. (8a).

now I cannot even remember why I did so. Can you help me?' The answer to this is 'No', and I have on balance decided to cut out this section. All I need to say is that I am one of those unfortunate people who can neither live with women nor without them. The subject matter of these notes is my intellectual development and their influence on that has been negligible. There is no point in encouraging the Eriksons of this world to produce some silly theories about my deeper motivation, theories which are all equally futile because they invariably omit two decisive factors, — the pre-natal dispositions and the celestial constellations at birth.

The rediscovery of Buddhism

What pulled me out of the mire at that time was my rediscovery of *Buddhism,* and this was connected with three people. The first of these was Daisetz Taitaro Suzuki. I have written about this in my Personal Tribute (m.w.) to him in the 'Eastern Buddhist' of August 1967. I do not need to repeat myself here.

The second person was Har Dayal whose 1932 book on the Bodhisattva Doctrine you will know well. I met him through the N.C.L.C. for which he gave classes and he wrote articles for *Plebs* on the history of European Socialism. I spent much time in his house in Edgware. In 1975 Emily Clara Brown wrote an informative biography of Har Dayal for the University of Arizona Press. The best I can do is to quote what I had written to her: 'I often saw him, but we were somewhat at cross purposes all the time. I was slowly moving in the direction of Mahayana Buddhism, to which I have devoted all my energies since 1938 or 1939, and turned to him for information on this subject which by that time had failed to interest him very much. On the other hand he expected to learn from me about the various trends in European Socialism in which I myself became increasingly less interested. I cherished him as a truly lovable person who befriended me at a time when I was a rather bewildered refugee in the huge city of London'.

The third person was Dr. Graham Howe, a psychologist living near Harley Street. He produced a psychological doctrine which combined the terminology of psycho-analysis with that of the religious texts of the East, be they Buddhist or Taoist. This appealed to me very much at the time. I met Dr. Howe at the

Buddhist Society, where I also became acquainted with Christmas Humphreys, its President. He and I have known each other now for more than forty years, but we have never got on well.

The discovery of Astrology

Another discovery which helped me greatly was that of *Astrology*. This art had been revived in the nineteenth century by the theosophists. The Conze family had always harboured a number of theosophists though they were usually of the Rudolf Steiner persuasion. When I was once ill as a boy one of my aunts gave me a copy of Annie Besant's translation and explanation of the *Bhagavad Gita* and I remember that I was terribly excited by it. But as far as Astrology is concerned, I knew like every other educated person all the arguments against it and deemed it generally unworthy of my consideration. Now fate took a hand to change all this. Since my marriage had practically ceased to exist, I looked for a replacement for my wife, but decided that this time I would try things out before tying myself down again. In 1939 I took a girl called Vera for a few weeks to Fécamp in Normandy. One day we had an outing to a museum which, as so often in France turned out to be closed on that day. In the village street we saw in a shop little booklets on Astrology (by Nicolas Fauvel 'Votre Horoscope') one for each month and so we bought, just for fun, the issues for January and March. I had already known before that what my wife and all her attempted replacements had in common was that they resembled my mother too much for my comfort. Now I found a second similarity — they were all Capricorns! The reason for this is obvious, — I did not want a wife at all, but a servant who would look after me while I was doing my scholarly work. If it had not been for the servant shortage which set in after 1918, I would never have had any motive to marry at all, like Michelangelo or Schopenhauer before me. Be that as it may, I became curious about Astrology, studied it, learned to cast and to read horoscopes and this has wrought a great revolution in my thinking. This interest was soon after reinforced in Godshill where there was an educated community unaffected by the mephitic vapours of the Metropolis, and in which astrology was practised as a matter of course as one of the basic skills of life. Astrology has set me inwardly free from the

claims a technological society can make on my allegiance. It has convinced me that Science, its basic ingredient, has little cognitive value, but is rather a bag of tricks invented by God-defying people to make life increasingly unbearable on Earth and finally to destroy it. If Scientists are right, astrology is poppy-cock. Nevertheless in the last thirty eight years I have never yet found an instance in which it did not work (even you fit in very well, although you will not have it).

Astrology has provided a welcome factual foundation for the life-long acceptance of magic about which I have said a few words already in 'Further Buddhist Studies' (1975, x-xii). This has not been so much due to theoretical considerations as to the early acquired intuitive certainty that beyond, or behind, the veil of deceptive sensory appearances, there lies a reality of magical, or occult, forces. This conviction has been formulated with great magnificence by Virgil in *Aeneid* II 604-623[1]. Venus, the mother of Aeneas, appears to him at the burning of Troy, tells him that Paris and Helen had nothing to do with the event, but that divine forces are to blame,

> 'Terrible shapes loom up, set against Troy, the shapes of Heaven's transcendent will' *(Numina magna deum).*

> 'Look now, for I will clear the mists that shroud
> Thy mortal gaze, and from the visual ray
> Purge the gross covering of this circling cloud.
> Thou heed, and fear not, whatso'er I say,
> Nor scorn thy mother's counsels to obey.
> Here, where thou seest the riven piles o'erthrown,
> Mixt dust and smoke, rock torn from rock away,
> Great Neptune's trident shakes the bulwarks down,
> And from its lowest base uproots the trembling town.'

There are these two intellectual traditions, the magical and the scientific one, and each one seems to have a validity of its own. To weigh them up against each other is given to no one because no one is likely to be equally proficient in both.

[1]See Appendix 10, no. (8b)

'The Psychology of Mass Propaganda'

Three years of political experience had left me with the conviction that there must be something definitely wrong with a person who goes into politics. This is partly confirmed by a masterly book which Lucille Iremonger, the wife of a Tory M.P., recently wrote about British Prime Ministers.[1] She studied sixteen of them from Spencer Perceval (1809) to Neville Chamberlain (1937) and showed that, as 'the loveless products of their loveless childhoods' and dominated by a Phaeton complex, all of them were at best psychological cripples. Mental instability affects pygmies and giants alike. In a later book Andrew Roth[2] has documented the insecurities which lie behind the antics of Harold Wilson, and on p.54 he reminds us that 'Sir Winston Churchill came from an aristocratic version of a broken home, with a father who died insane from syphilis and a mother who played fast and loose all over the world.' Doubters could do worse than read the Third Volume of Gilbert's large biography of Winston Churchill showing how these people mismanaged the Gallipoli Campaign in 1915, as well as Richard Crossman's 'Diaries' and the statements of other eye witnesses, who have laid bare the fantasies which shaped Harold Wilson's style of ruling over us.

And indeed, thinking back today I had really known all this before. After 1918, we were amazed to learn how our glorious German Empire, of which we had been so proud, had been run under Wilhelm II. I had first heard of these things from my Uncle Peter who had seen it all from his ministerial vantage point, and later on our eyes were opened by the truly hair-raising Memoirs of Grand Admiral Von Tirpitz and others. Or, as we had been taught at school, *Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.*

At that time however, I tackled the problem from a different angle. It was obvious that these madmen could do their work only if they had the willing collaboration of their victims, and so I wrote a book on 'The Psychology of Mass Propaganda'. It was commissioned by Secker & Warburg, but in the end the manuscript

[1] *The Fiery Chariot — a Study of British Prime Ministers and The Search for Love,* 1970.

[2] *Sir Harold Wilson, Yorkshire's Walter Mitty,* 1977.

was never published. Mr. Warburg objected chiefly to my thesis that psychologically speaking the appeal of Russian communism was no different from that of German Nazism or Italian Fascism. So we agreed that I could keep my advance and he could keep the book off his List. The manuscript which I submitted to him seems to have been lost. All I appear to have left is a copy in 322 pages which Mrs. Hunt of Woodstock, one of my *Mohas,* typed in the Fifties of the 1939 version. In that I had greatly developed the aspect of the subject which appealed to my psychological and Buddhist interests, i.e. to what I call there, 'the veils which hide the truth', which is a long meditation on the Buddhist theory of self-deception *(Moha).*

My Socialist friends basically agreed with Mr. Warburg. In 1937 and 1938 G. D. H. Cole and Raymond Postgate were editing a series of Socialist pamphlets called 'Fact' and were willing to include a summary of 'Mass Propaganda'. I still remember being invited by Postgate to an extremely opulent lunch where his rubicund hedonism foreshadowed his later career as a compiler of Good Food Guides. He was willing to take my typescript, provided I removed all references to the Soviet Union which implied that Soviet man was essentially the same as Nazi man, and democratic man for that matter. Nothing could shake him, and he gave as his reason for his inflexibility that his sister, Margaret Cole, would never stand for any even apparently unfavourable comment on the Soviet Union, which had just been praised by her mentors, the Webbs, in two fat volumes (1935) as the society for which they had always longed. Unfortunately Margaret Cole had also a personal reason for not falling in with my wishes. The Coles were, among other things, Tutorial Class tutors. They had two houses, one in the North of London at Mill Hill, and one in Oxford. They had arranged for Oxford to pay their fares to London, and now tried to persuade the London Tutors' Association to support their application to have their fares to Oxford paid by London. In support of my friend Kendall I opposed this as barefaced robbery. This rankled for some time.

It was hard not to feel contempt for Mass opinion when English views on events in Spain had clearly no relation whatsoever to what was actually happening in that country. Likewise with the views on

the Soviet Union. The uncritical pro-Russian mood of those days was as phony as the prevailing anti-Russian mood of our days. It owed nothing to observation or reflection, but everything to the capitalist media who then treated the USSR as a potential ally in a war against Germany, whereas now for us, as a dependancy of the USA, she will be the next enemy. And what year in year out I have to hear in England about Germany and the Germans (Huns) makes me climb up the wall. The average worldling, as usually, has no clue to what is actually going on, nor does he show any undue curiosity. In short, Bah Bah Blacksheep![1]

As it turned out, Mr. Warburg was one of the first to turn his propaganda machine against the Soviet Union. He could do this because for years he had strung along all sorts of Left intellectuals of a dissident turn of mind. In his autobiography[2] he mentions Edward Conze together with Fenner Brockway, Reginald Reynolds, C. L. R. James, George Padmore, Jennie Lee, Jomo Kenyatta, Ethel Mannin and George Orwell. These contacts enabled him to fire the first shot in the Cold War by publishing George Orwell's *Animal Farm* (August 1945!) and *Nineteen Eighty-four* (1949). Frank O'Connor hit the nail on the head when he said of the latter book that 'it doesn't so much smell as stink to high heaven'. It is also the one and only book which I have ever thrown away in disgust, — into the Thames on a walk through the Playing Fields of Eton where little Eric Blair had been humiliated so often. Come to think of it, the poor chap wasn't even circumcized! (see III 7).

More work on philosophy

When you destroy a spider's web it will soon build a new one. *Der Satz vom Widerspruch* (512 pages) had been a catastrophic failure. It had been sold by subscription to 130 subscribers. 500 copies had been printed and most of these were lost, some on the bonfire by which the S.A. in Hamburg testified to their devotion to German culture. My father, at some risk to himself, sent me a few copies which I distributed among English libraries, or to friends

[1]See Appendix 10, no. (8c)
[2]*An Occupation for Gentlemen*, 1959, p.206

like Prof. Laski. For the rest, the book was still-born, except for a review from Prof. Marcuse in the *Zeitschrift für Sozialforschung* III, 1934, p 266-7. To my great surprise the book was reprinted in 1976 by the Verlag Neue Kritik, in 600 copies, with a rather silly postscript by a man called Joachim Schumacher and a cover speaking untruthfully about my relations with the C.P.

In England this book formed the basis of three articles which I reprinted in 1975 on pp. 56-112 of 'Further Buddhist Studies', of a text-book for students of the N.C.L.C. and of a book for the general public, called 'The Scientific Method of Thinking. An Introduction to Dialectical Materialism' published by Chapman and Hall in 1935.

In *Der Satz von Widerspruch* I had preached the primacy of practice over mere facts and concluded that the question 'What is Truth?' could be resolved by finding out what kind of people were able to get at the truth. In other words, what had to be done was to discover a disinterested truth-bearing section in Society. This was, as I said then, the revolutionary proletariat represented by the C.P. trained in Scientific Socialism. In retrospect, this seems an extraordinary statement to make, but at that time my conviction was shared by many, and in spite of the shrill noises of the papers of the rich, it has spread further over large areas of the earth since then. In the 'Scientific Method of Thinking' I spelled this out for practical Englishmen by saying that mankind was doomed unless could apply to the ordering of Society the same kind of Scientific Method which had led to all these discoveries in the natural Sciences and that dialectical materialism provided that method. My later views can easily be deduced from this starting point.

At that time the capitalist world was in the throes of the crisis which began in 1929. A capitalist crisis is due to the inability to find a profitable market for many products, so that many workers have to be laid off. The only scientific solution is to blow up both surplus products and surplus workers together in some righteous war and this is precisely what the capitalists proceeded to do. (The same scenario is once again being enacted in 1978, probably for the last time.) The dialectics, or was it Asiatic cunning, allowed Comrade Stalin to deflect the fury of this War from himself, the natural target, on to the low-born part-German clown from

Braunau in Austria, who behaved so atrociously that the entire world rose up against him. The dialecticians came out on top. But, and here was the rub, in order to achieve this result they resorted to measures which were as far from being scientific or even rational as they could be. In fact the longer one looked at them, the more they resembled the doings of the devil incarnate, Adolf Hitler himself. In spite of this I have myself shed at no time all my allegiance to Marxism-Leninism. With a sad and heavy heart I have always regarded Comrade Joseph Vissarionovich (whom I served faithfully up to June 15th 1933 and a few weeks beyond) as the greatest man of his time. If success is anything to go by, Stalin was the one man who fully grasped the needs of this phase of the Kali Yuga. Poor human race! He reminds me of a verse in a Russian poem in which the Starets came across the man who will steal the people's liberties; when he saw him sneaking across the corridor of the monastery 'he lost his sight instantly'. Hitler tried his best to emulate him, but contact with German *Kultur,* however slight it was, had spoilt him. Oxford and Cambridge, Rome, Florence and Paris are still standing, whereas Cologne, Berlin, Dresden and Nuernberg were razed to the ground.

It was in the shadow of the great historical events of the thirties that I had my *Āśraya-Parāvriti,* or spiritual rebirth. I shifted my truth-bearing section of Society from revolutionary commissars to contemplative Buddhist monks and so my later work is directly continuous with my earlier one. I have been asked about this so often that I may be excused from explaining this here. And, of course, to my mind both virtuous commissars and virtuous monks are derived from the godly men who ruled Calvin's Geneva.

Never one to be idle, I now re-wrote my *Der Satz vom Widerspruch* on the basis of these new insights. Soon my work had reached more than 1000 typed pages, though I realised that it was threatened by a looming catastrophe just as the previous one was, — this time by the coming War, as last time by Hitler's coming to power. So I summarised my results in 1939, in a pamphlet of 32 pages called ''Contradiction and Reality'. Once again that was printed privately, this time at the expense of the girlfriend Vera and with the help of a printer who had been a student. This printer is

the reason why this account of my life is more scrappy than it might have been. When I left London for Godshill, I sold all my books, furniture, carpets and so on. He bought some of these and I stored with him a box containing my most precious books and documents. In a fit of pique over having been outshone at a dance, he gave these away as waste paper to one of the salvage drives so popular in Wartime. In this way I lost, for instance, the numerous reviews of my doctoral dissertation and the lengthy discussions which broke out about the views of the Révérend Père Conze on the role of F. Suarez, between Dominicans and Jesuits in the French theological journals. I had hoped to have the pamphlet re-printed in 1975 in 'Further Buddhist Studies', but at the last moment my publisher threw it out as uneconomical ballast. Few people know that one can get it from University Microfilms International, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106, U.S.A.: 18 Bedford Row, London W.C.1 R 4 E.J. OP11094. 00033. $6.00 and $10.00. After the War I produced a greatly expanded version, though only one other person, in Woking, has seen it and he is dead.

Move to Godshill

The War did great harm to my evening classes. There was an upsurge of patriotism. One class refused to be taught by a Hun. Strange to say they were appeased by a sight of my birth certificate which showed that I am technically a Cockney. Much worse was the effect of the black-out. It was very hard to travel in the dark and the blacked out rooms were often too airless for either teaching or learning. Also many of the best students, both men and women, had disappeared into the Forces. So it became increasingly difficult to maintain life in London on my earnings, and I moved on to a place called Godshill in Hampshire, which has been so important in my life that I must say a few words about it.

The population of Godshill consisted of:

1. Dr. Aubrey Westlake, a Quaker who owned a large wood called Sandy Balls where he gave me shelter for some years. It had even herons in it at that time, one nest being on a gigantic tree within thirty yards of my hut. The wood also provided space for the ceremonial and other activities of the Woodcraft Order. Westlake had joined up with John Hargrave who in 1920 had founded the

Kibbo Kift, which aimed at fostering physical and mental health in camps, away from towns and cities. Later on in the Twenties this was combined with Major Douglas's Social Credit which also attracted many guild socialists and led in 1931 to a 'Green Shirt' movement.

2. The wood furthermore contained twelve wooden huts which now and then were inhabited by various eccentrics. One of them walked about in a Grecian dress, which looked a bit like a leopard skin. He was known as 'the leaping leopard', and got me into serious trouble soon after my arrival, although I had never met him. More about that later.

3. Gypsies who lived in a gravel pit. After some hand reading they treated me as one of their own, and even stopped stealing my boss's eggs. Later on in Ewelme the gypsies sold me one of their traditional caravans to live in, although usually these caravans are burned at their owner's death.

4. A number of disapproving rustics who lived round Sandy Balls. They were both puzzled and outraged by the goings on in this wood. Some times we swam in the Avon without bathing costumes. The locals had found a spot high up near 'The Fighting Cocks' from which they could with the help of binoculars catch a fleeting glimpse of our immoral conduct and they regarded this as a sufficient basis for a great deal of moral indignation.

Since I have no Earth in my horoscope I can never find anywhere suitable to live, and must rely for this on my female companions. In this case also it was Dorothea who had discovered Godshill through some of her Quaker friends. I myself had been interested in the Pacifist forms of Christianity for some time, and I must here recount an event from life in Germany which might well have been included in the first part. As an adolescent I became increasingly unhappy at home. The constant war between my parents had gone beyond the stage of incessant bickering and each one had taken on someone else, my mother a painter and my father a schoolteacher. Several times I ran away from home, but could not stay away for long, partly because I had nowhere to sleep and partly because the German police were, as you know, geared to catch up with people through the system of Universal Registration and Identity

Cards.[1] But then, when I was 18, my parents went to Capri with their respective Cicisbeos, and I ran away for good. First of all, I went to a Tolstoyan settlement in the Taunus Mountains run by a man called Eberhard Arnold. They called themselves 'Christian communists', and their aims were threefold:

1. Return to the land;
2. Communal ownership of everything except for a few private possessions like toothbrushes and so on;
3. The practice of the Biblical saying: 'Do not resist Evil'.

At that time these people were none too experienced in the cultivation of the land and largely subsisted on money given by a Jew in Frankfurt. But later on, when Hitler drove them out and they came to England,[2] they became so efficient that they aroused the jealousy of their farming neighbours and had to move on to Canada and Brazil. They, and so did I, interpreted the teachings of Christ according to Tolstoy's 'translation' of the New Testament, known as *The Gospel in Brief* (1883), which was much better known in Germany than it is in England, because it had appeared in the 'Reclam' Library. After I had left that settlement, I made some further attempts to live like Jesus Christ as a tramp. During that time I repeatedly became the object of charity to that very same Inner Mission of which Grandfather Conze had been such a strong supporter. My disgust at the treatment I received from them had something to do with me moving towards Marxism. These activities came to an end when in Bremen I was arrested on suspicion of having killed Rathenau, and sent home ignominiously under police escort.

[1]Once, early in 1933, when in Muenster the Gestapo was close on my heels, just a few yards away, I saved myself by the unutterably brilliant device of going into the local Mental Hospital as an amnesia case There I went to ground until the dogs had lost their scent This shows that I deserved my nickname at school which was 'the Fox', — later on updated to 'Doctor Foxie' The other two incidentally were 'Der Herr Jraf' (the noble count, or His Royal Highness, or Little Lord Fauntleroy) and 'Der Bonze' (Buddhist priest known for his aloofness from the cares and concerns of others)

[2]There had been an indigenous Tolstoyan settlement in the Cotswolds This had started in 1898 on 40 acres at Whiteway near Stroud with fifteen persons, but had committed the basic error of ceremoniously burning the title deeds to the land This led to the neighbouring farmers taking the land away for themselves In addition there were the usual difficulties attending such community projects, especially where women are present A good account of the experiment can be found in W M G Armytage, *Heaven Below,* Utopian Experiments, 1961 and in Nellie Shaw, *Whiteway A Colony in the Cotswolds,* 1935

In Godshill trouble started soon after I arrived. The country was in a state of mild hysteria expecting a German invasion at any time. The 'leaping leopard' had by some chance left the same day that I arrived. He was apparently a kind of journalist who used to hang about in the 'Fighting Cocks', the local pub, writing down what people said. When I took his place all thinking people knew that Hitler had sent one of his best agents, a particularly 'long-headed' man, a real doctor, commensurate to the importance of Godshill in the scheme of things. For was it not exactly the Avon Valley up which Hitler's tanks would roll to reach Salisbury Plain, the heart of the British Military Establishment and had not this Herr Doktor taken up a strategic position in that hut, which would enable him to decide when the ground would be firm enough for the heavy tanks of the *Wehrmacht?* Profound thoughts of this kind first of all led to several visits from the police. These alarmed me because I felt that the mentality of the populace began to resemble that of the Germans in 1933. So I got into contact with a friend of mine who was the second-in-command in the Home Office. He told the Police that (i) Dr. Conze was above suspicion, that (ii) he had done a lot of harm to the Nazis and that (iii) he had been honoured with a special decree which had declared him to be an Enemy of the State, and had deprived him of his nationality, his money and his doctoral degree. He could not yet add the further piece of information that, at that very time, I was put on a Gestapo list giving those people who should be arrested immediately in case the invasion succeeded. The entry in the *Sonderfahndungsliste* is really quite amusing. It says on p.33, 'No. 67 (just in front of the Head of MI5) Conze, Edward, Dr. 1869 (my birth year!) Prof. London, R.S.H.A. IV. E.4.'[1]

[1]This is the number of the Gestapo file At times I would rather like to know what is in it The Americans have got micro-films of all these files and mine seems to have given the State Department a somewhat exaggerated notion of my importance in the C P Nor can it have been a complete or even tolerably competent file, for it did not contain my party name Since I refused to give it them the American Secret Services spent more than five years finding it The official who proudly told me so, added reproachfully that it had cost them a lot of money, to which I replied that I could well believe it because the dollar had been pretty weak lately In any case they got it right It thrills me to think that there may well be another Gestapo file floating around with the name of Genosse Ackermann on it That might be even more interesting than the Conze one

In any case there was no further trouble from the police after that. In fact, so as to console me, a policeman told me that I should not be unduly worried because there was not one house in the village which had not been denounced by its neighbours to the police as harbouring German agents. This, I thought, threw a curious light on what in Germany we had been taught to consider as an 'organic community'.

But the local population knew nothing of all this. They were so incensed that they tried to burn down the wood. The flames were soon put out, but the fire went into the peat and smouldered on for weeks. That Dr. Westlake stood by me and let me stay, borders on the heroic and can never be forgotten. After a time the locals formed a Home Guard and were issued with rifles. They used these to shoot the herons and when I told them to stop that, they threatened me with their guns. If they had been Italians they would have shot me in the back. As they were just ordinary English yokels they were content to bluster along and to slink away when I told them that they were a lot of louts. Having escaped so many dangers, I began to feel that I was being preserved for a great purpose.

What was most unpleasant was that nobody dared to employ me. I was in the habit of playing chess with a man who ran the Labour Exchange in Fordingbridge and he got me a job as a gardener with a maiden lady who had just fired her gardener because he had spent an hour talking over the fence to the neighbouring gardener about the intricacies of the situation in Yugoslavia (that must have been in April 1941). She soon convinced herself that I was a male witch, and one day confronted me underneath a tree and showed me a dead bird which I had caused to fall down when it flew over her garden. In fact ever since I had come *all* the birds who flew over her garden had been brought down by the force of my magic. When asked for the remaining dead birds she seemed to think that they had been eaten by the mice. So she fired me and also denounced me to the appropriate authorities for evading Military Service.

This led to some correspondence. There was really no issue. I had a double hernia, one of which the doctors pronounced to be inoperable; in fact, when it had to be operated on in 1969 I nearly died. So Military Service was out of the question. But if I became subject to Military Law they could force me to work in the B.B.C.

telling lies to my former countrymen. This seemed to me to be a dishonourable thing to do.

Work as a Conscientious Objector

So I chose to be a Conscientious Objector and after a time had my Tribunal. Its Alice in Wonderland atmosphere was the kind of thing that makes England such a pleasant place to live in. There were three judges: a local magistrate; a Professor from Cardiff who had written on Plato and was friendly; and a Trade Unionist who was not only unfriendly, but positively vicious. He had been greatly annoyed by 'Why War?' and was determined to take revenge for it. So the cross-examination proceeded and I took my stand on the Buddhist prohibition of killing. The Trade Unionist pursued the subject to the bitter end and finally said: 'Now suppose, Mr. Conze, that you had lice. They are not only unpleasant to you, but also dangerous to other people, for whom as a Buddhist you must surely feel responsible. What would you do?' A man from the back of the hall shouted: 'The Germans are not lice', but I was fed-up by then and declared haughtily, 'What I would do would be to take a swim in the Avon and hope that they would go.' In defiance of all logic, the Chairman at once intoned, 'There is no doubt that his is a case of genuine Conscientious Objection and I unconditionally exempt the applicant from Military Service.' So I had to explain that this would condemn me to starvation and that I wanted to be made liable to do agriculture. In the end the Tribunal agreed. The expenses of myself and the family had nearly swallowed up all our possessions and, at the time, we were living on the money from my wonderful specialized collection of Japanese stamps. A job had thus become vitally necessary.

Luck was with me and the Labour Exchange got me a job with a Mrs. Tuffnell, an ex-actress very keen on Astrology, who used me to do the horoscopes of her friends whom she invited to tea. Her husband was a gold-braided commander in the Navy, stationed in Colombo. When on leave he inspected what his wife had acquired, and only commented that he had always had a high opinion of Buddhist non-violence in view of the fact that Ceylon had the highest murder rate in the world. He also was a much better gardener than I was. At first I supplemented my income by teaching

psychology to the Artillery in Ringwood. One day we had a discussion on whether Hitler was mad and I had to say that he clearly was not. This was obviously high treason and when it came to the ears of the Commanding Officer he promptly sacked me, had my hut searched and tried to have me arrested. No one has yet succeeded in finding an outer limit to the stupidity of the British Military caste. Soon the row blew over and I moved on to the more congenial WRENS in Bournemouth. The trouble with this was that at first the buses to Bournemouth were now and then machine gunned by the *Luftwaffe,* but after a time this nuisance subsided. I needed a pass to top secret parts of the coastline, but had no difficulty whatever in getting that.

These little anecdotes throw perhaps some sidelights on the way the English faced their greatest crisis and also show the difficulties I had in gaining the seclusion for my task. One day the Luftwaffe did its bit to isolate me from others. That evening I had a clear vision of my father appearing in the top left hand corner of my hut and telling me to go fire-watching. A few months before the Germans had thrown lots of incendiary bombs which, however, fizzled out harmlessly in the water meadows down below in the Avon Valley. Nevertheless we thought how unpleasant it would be if such bombs were to fall among the thick century-old layers of pine needles which covered vast tracts of the wood. So we were issued with tin hats and binoculars and some of us stayed up each night. On that day it was not my turn to go out and I was inclined to ignore the warning. What puzzled me particularly was that I had clearly recognized my father, but that I could not recall one single detail of his visual appearance and that I had clearly understood the message, but could not remember whether he had talked to me in English or in German. After some hesitation I took my tin hat and binoculars and went up to Good Friday Hill quite nearby, where the fire-watchers used to be. We talked and I watched the astrologically more interesting constellations, — and then one or two hours later the bomber came. He dropped five explosive bombs, two very near the hut and then went off. The bomb disposal squad came up, decided that the Germans always threw down six bombs of this particular type, that, as a methodical nation they would have done so also in this case, and that therefore there

must be an unexploded bomb about. Since they could not find even a trace of one they scattered big notices, 'ATTENTION! UNEXPLODED BOMB' all over the wood. I removed two of these and put them into the approach to my hut, thereby deterring casual intruders.

Everything was now set to enable me to meditate single-mindedly, and to practise the spiritual life with the required ruthlessness. I experienced a great elation of the spirit, and there is no point in gushing over this. Some of what I learnt in those years I have told in my many books. Other things have been left to private talk. Others again I have kept to myself.

It is my opinion that one gets as much out of the spiritual life as one puts into it, that asceticism is of its very essence and that comfort is a deadly poison. So during my brief heroic period I tried to live up to these ideals at great future cost to my health. In spite of Westlake's warning that no-one had ever lived in these huts in winter and that he was quite willing to install some heating, I insisted that the French contemplative orders never heat their buildings and that I had no intention to be any softer than they were. Throughout my entire life I have been a proper Don Quixote and attracted by the heroic and the extraordinary. From early youth onwards I have derived inspiration from Plutarch's 'Lives'. At the University one of my favourite books was Carlyle's 'On Heroes and the Heroic in History'. Carlyle is much better known in Germany than I later found him to be in England, partly because his craggy style is less offensive in translation, and partly because his admiration for Frederick the Great and his detestation for democracy are more welcome there. Nor must I forget the example of my father whom I have striven to emulate. He was so appalled by life in the Third Reich that he tried to go to Holland. The Nazis at that time bribed bank clerks in Holland to reveal to them accounts of German Nationals. So he had to follow his money back to Germany. He had always seen himself as one of those Stoic administrators of the Roman Empire whose fortitude kept things going in spite of everything. Following a long established pattern he underwent the *endura* of the *perfecti* and he refused to eat until he died on March 6th, 1935, in his 61st year, in Bonn, in the very same hospital in which I nearly followed him 34 years later. In view of

such an example I could not falter just because of a few cold nights.

So I was very cold indeed, especially in the winter of 1941 when so many of my countrymen died in the snows before Moscow. By some chance I heard of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, — I think it was he — who had fasted most valiantly in his youth and that in his old age his digestion had been so badly ruined that he crept into the kitchen at night to pinch some chicken legs. I felt that something like this would happen to me also, — and it did. In my seventies I now suffer from angina and bronchitis to such an extent that all I can do is to sit cowardly in a temperature of 70°, shudder at the slightest breath of wind from the East or North and soak myself in Amontillado sherry. I must, I am afraid, also admit that I could sustain my tireless activities only by ceaselessly smoking for fifty years between 15 and 65, mainly cigarettes.[1]

Psychic, and other, faculties

Unbidden, several psychic faculties came my way. Some of them were quite useful. For instance I knew telepathically whether someone was at the gate of the Sandy Balls Estate, or in the poky shop which Westlake's father-in-law, known as Grandpa, kept just inside that gate. This allowed me to see people without their visiting my hut. Grandpa, an entirely self-educated person, was a wizard for languages. He deduced from my English accent where in Germany I came from. He said Hagen which is very near indeed to the Hasendenn, a remote farmhouse where my family have lived for five centuries, with no other company than God above and the hares frolicking around on the Denn.

Another was less useful but more startling. On June 21st 1941 I ran into Dr. Westlake walking in the wood late in the evening. He told me that the stars seemed to show that Hitler would attack that

[1]If I had not smoked I would not have known how much the villagers of Godshill had accepted me by 1942 as one of their own. For the village shop sold me cigarettes under the counter! One day when I had just got several packets of Players, who should come in but my old adversary with the birds and mice. She was told that there were no cigarettes, that for weeks there had been none and that there would be none for quite a time. 'Perhaps you can come back and ask at the end of next month.' When she had left I asked why this was so and was told, 'Well, doctor, we all know that she is a witch and we do not want to have anything to do with the likes of her.' In this way also the righteous among the early Christians were vouchsafed a triumphant view of the torments of their fallen foes!

very night. I agreed that with all these planetary conjunctions, especially those of May 10th, that was very likely and added that he would not attack us, 'in fact, I hear thousands and thousands of planes flying to the East.' Westlake said, 'Well, we will see. In any case I hear nothing at all.' I listened intently and could not hear anything either. Nevertheless — I had said it, — and the following day we knew that it was true.

This example of clairaudience was coupled with a spontaneous prophecy because I further said, 'Anyway, it will be the Halys river all over again.' People with a classical education will know what I meant. Others will not believe the story anyway.

So my mind was stretched in all directions, more than it has been stretched before or since. After a time a man by the name of La Roche, came to the wood out of the blue, told me that I should not hide away from the world in such a miserly and mean-spirited way, but that I was a Bodhisattva, a princely man who had been sent into life with a mission, the nature of which he seemed to have forgotten. I also felt that I had gained as much insight as I could bear in my present body or realise in our present social circumstances. In addition my health had been affected by the privations and hardships. The bad food gave me uncontrolled diarrhoea, which Westlake cured by making me eat horrible cooked sheep's hearts by way of 'first-class protein'. I also got trench mouth, an unpleasant and debilitating scorbutic degeneration of the gums which in due course cost me all my teeth.

Move to Oxford

Unfortunately, I am quite incapable of doing anything practical for myself and it remains undone unless a woman does it for me, Miraculously my wife came to life again, asked me to go back to her for the sake of our daughter Jane, and through the good offices of a Quaker friend called Gillett, offered quite a presentable house in Oxford in 26 Plantation Road and a job in the Agricultural Research Institute, where I could do my agricultural work by calculating for the Ministry of Agriculture how much subsidy the farmers of Berkshire needed to carry on their food-producing activities. This job was a mere sinecure and the office combined the slovenliness of the Civil Service with the leisureliness of academic

life. On the first day I was given a number of large forms from which to calculate the subsidy. Although I had never seen the forms before, I returned an hour later with the results. I was told that I could not possibly have done the work properly and that this was what should have occupied me for the entire day. So I saw the light and spent most of my days in the Bodleian which is just over 200 yards away. The Extramural Delegacy of the University were delighted to have such an experienced tutor at their disposal, and I soon did four classes as before. On August 6th, 1945 I came back from a class for some troops in Reading. In the train I heard of the atomic bomb. I have a very deep stomach and normally cannot be sick. But on this occasion I vomited straight out of the window. This was again prophetic insight, but this time not of the magical but of the spiritual variety. For at that moment human history had lost its meaning.

Change of wife

Things went fairly well for me at that time, except that I just could not manage to establish tolerable relations between myself and my wife Dorothea. I worked very hard at it, but all I got was a reproduction of the constant bickerings which had marred the lives of my parents. As she grew up, our daughter Jane became a perpetual bone of contention. As we grew poorer and poorer, Dorothea, always anxious about her social position, was increasingly irritated by my unshakeable belief that the Lord will look after his own. True to precedent I escaped into various exploratory love affairs which later on figured in my unsuccessful divorce of 1962. There was for instance a girl called 'The Logical Blonde' because I taught her logic for her Oxford exams, and a girl called Mary with whom I was discovered *in flagranti delicto,* and who thus did me the service of ridding me of the incubus of my marital relationship. Dorothea and I moved on from place to place. First to Dorchester, to a house opposite my future wife. Then we split up and gradually lost sight of each other. For £105 (paid in cash to save Income Tax for the Vendor) I bought an old wooden gypsy caravan, beautifully decorated, and placed it in the garden of my bee-keeping friend Tony Rowse next to a stream full of water-cress belonging to a house suitably called Saffron Close. There I

resumed my Godshill way of living but was rather disturbed by the 'Queen's Flight' which flew over the caravan and made it vibrate like a violin. In the end I moved on to a field in Brittwell Salome, where I was again surrounded by hares in the morning, as my forefathers had been for so long. Unfortunately the water, which came from a hydrant, was suspect and full of frog spawn. When I mentioned this to an Oxford student of mine he told me that I could move the caravan into his father's garden in Dorchester. I did so and there I met his sister Muriel. On August 8th, 1948 I had a vivid dream which told me that a new woman would enter my life who would rescue me from all my woman-troubles. In the evening of August 9th, we had a walk to Wittenham Clumps (where my ashes will be scattered), we held hands at a stile and we have been together ever since. She it was who gave me the material stability needed to do my extensive Buddhist writing.

Work in Oxford

Work-wise I spent a great deal of time in the Indian Institute and the Bodleian Library. There I was helped by my friend Stooke and also formed a life-long friendship with Arnold Kunst and his wife. He is, as you know, a member of the Polish School of Buddhologists which prospered so well before the War. He had come to work with Prof. Johnston who, however, soon died early in the war from a heart attack. I also succeeded in winning the friendship of Prof. F. W. Thomas, a wise old man and a single-minded scholar after my own heart. He had forgotten nearly everything except his Sanskrit which he knew so well that he disdained the use of a dictionary. The Second World War had never reached him, but he was still full of the menace of the German Navy in the First. He could not understand why he could find no-one to mend his lawnmower. In spite of his deafness, he was annoyed by the American planes which buzzed from Brize Norton over his roomy house in Bodicote near Banbury. The only conclusion he drew from this was that they proved against Kant the realistic theory of space — since his ducks looked for the planes in the same direction in which he did. Truly a lovable man without a false or mean thought in his head! More interested in Jainism than in Buddhism he asked me to collaborate with him in 1946 on a

translation of Mallishena's *Syādvādamañjarī* which appeared in due course in the Akademie-Verlag, Berlin in 1960. More about this can be seen from my prefatory note to that publication. Prof. Thomas died in 1956 and as his literary executor I also published in 1963, for the Royal Asiatic Society, his Indexes to the Tibetan texts concerning Chinese Turkestan. This collaboration greatly improved my understanding of Sanskrit philosophical terminology. At the same time I took Sanskrit lessons from Prof. Burrow. He is one of those people who are interested in the language as such, and who deplore that it should have been used to express so many ideas which are not worth considering. I tried to learn from him how to translate from English into Sanskrit. My talents do not lie in that direction and the pages came back one sea of red ink. This may explain some of the howlers in my later publications which nearly always concerned Sandhi or Elementary Grammar. Other friends were found among the 'Black Friars'. They are so called because they are Dominicans who wear white robes. Some of them were interested in a synthesis between Buddhism and Catholicism ('we must absorb Buddhism just as St. Thomas absorbed Aristotle'), and in this way I was brought back to the days of Suarez and the perennial philosophy. I saw much also of the Sinologue Hughes — who by his example showed me how not to translate Oriental texts — and of William Cohn who had fled from Berlin only shortly before the War. He was a truly delightful man. Just then he had a big success with his book for Phaidon, on Chinese Art, and he attempted to persuade the Ashmolean Museum to open a section on Oriental Art. In the end, the charm of his personality prevailed over the hide-bound Provincialism of Oxford, which believed that there could be no art outside Greece and Rome and their derivatives.

The gestation of 'Buddhism'

As our friendship deepened Dr. Cohn suggested that I should write a book on 'Buddhist Art' and a contract was signed with Bruno Cassirer on April 14th, 1948 for a book on 'The Evolution of Buddhist Thought and its Reflection in Art'. The production of the book was greatly furthered by my meeting with a girl student called Juliet Bolton whose horoscope harmonised with mine in

everything except the Venus. So we could sit up until the early hours of the morning in the room in Wellington Square which I had inherited from the 'Logical Blonde', and that without distractions or complications. After the usual delays the book appeared in October 1951, and therewith endeth the second part of this story.

Reflections on my life so far

A short poem by Yeats admirably describes the way I look back on my life at the age of 73. Here it is:—

> 'The work is done,' grown old, he thought,
> 'According to my boyish plan,
> Let the fools rage, I swerved in naught,
> Something to perfection brought;'
> But louder sang that ghost,
> 'What then?'

In other words I feel like the cat who has eaten the canary but who has some vague forebodings about what will happen when the master comes home.

My account of the years between 1904 and 1949 is truthful in the sense that it contains no statement which I know to be factually untrue. I may be weak on some dates, but the essence is always as accurate as I can make it. At the same time I have left out the details of my political activities; all the more or less stirring incidents of my love-life; the two events in my life of which I am still ashamed; and a description of the steadying effect of my hobbies, such as gardening, walking and stamp collecting. Out of deference to your rationalist convictions I have also left out the astrological background which would reveal this medley of apparent chance occurrences as an intricate and harmonious filigree pattern.

When I try to think of the factors which enabled me to become a Buddhist scholar I find the following: Unusual innate intellectual ability is only part of the story. I have also had the good fortune to be able to devote my entire life to continuous and almost unbroken studying and have kept up my one-man monastery through thick and thin. Material help has always emerged when it was needed. Pressure from outside has invariably made me more obstinate. As

my mother used to say:— 'With the head through the wall'[1]. As the son of a rich family I have been indifferent to money. To my surprise there has always been enough of it. As the son of a good family *(kulaputra)* I have never bothered about public opinion, which, as the voice of the *hoi polloi,* was not worth noticing. As the son of a powerful family I have always shunned the contamination of power, and made myself small. This had the disadvantage that some people thought they had to deal with a contemptible rabbit, and acted accordingly. They soon found out that it would have been wiser to tread on a cobra hatching her eggs. Mañjuśrī, as you know, *does* have his sword, — and at times he needs it!

Speaking of *'hoi polloi',* it has always been a cornerstone of my beliefs that there are two qualitatively distinct kinds of people. In Calvinism they are known as 'the Elect' and 'the Mass of Perdition'; in Buddhism as 'the Noble ones' *(ārya)* and 'the foolish common people'; in social life as the élite and the canaille. With the disappearance of all manifestly superior persons this elitism, which I have always instinctively accepted as axiomatic, has lately been rejected by the young. I came across this trend in 1971 in Berkeley when I was asked, 'How do you know, Dr. Conze, that you are one of the élite?' To which in my astonishment I could only reply, 'If *I* am not élite, who is?' This has little to do with social rank, though in Germany I relished a joke which doubted the humanity of those below the rank of major[2]. It is a question of spiritual potentialities, and has in my view been best explained by B. Le Poer Trench in *The Sky People,* 1960, with his differentiation between Earth Man and Galactic Man. Empirically there is no evidence for a monophyletic rather than a polyphyletic descent of man. Though with regard to this particular book I must admit that not all the experts share my admiration for it. When from Sherborne I asked my friend Dr. F. G. Brook to get me a copy for Christmas, he went to Watkins' well-known bookshop, where Nigel Watkins himself told him that he must be mistaken because a man like me could not possibly want to own a book like that.

Another priceless asset has been that no one who sees me ever

[1]See Appendix 10, no. (9)
[2]Appendix 10, no. (10)

believes that I can possibly mean what I say. Once in Bonn I overheard a conversation in a neighbouring Seminar room. They were talking about me, saying how intelligent I was and how unbelievably learned, but that all this was spoiled by an incurable frivolity. They concluded that I could not be taken seriously, that I told far too many jokes all the time and seemed to laugh at everything and everybody. Such instinctive self-effacement has some survival value and may have had something to do with my ability to tell this story now. On the other hand it also has its disadvantages. In 1946, when materially I was at a very low ebb, I was in Oxford invited to tea by Mr. Spalding who wanted to found an Oriental library and thought of employing me as one of the Librarians. During the conversation he assured me that the English as a nation were morally greatly superior to the Germans as a nation. I let that pass, but he insisted on my specifically agreeing to this thesis as a condition of the appointment. So I looked at him and thought of the nobility of my father, — a German — compared with this well-heeled hypocritical toad who tried to gain some significance from his ill-gained money by buying people intellectually superior to himself. Later on Mr. Henderson, the administrator of the Spalding Trust, told me that Spalding before his death had put a clause into his Will that under no circumstances should the Trust give any help to Dr. Conze, because his interest in Buddhism was not a serious one. The world knows otherwise.

More important still, non-attachment was fostered by various causes. A Tibetan proverb tells us that if you want to know the meaning of non-attachment, you should grow up in one country and live in another. This was brought home to me in England again and again, particularly in Oxford. In that University, Jews with German names are easily accepted, but ethnic Germans have a thin time. The only two who made a success of it owed it to outside influence, Max Mueller to the Prince Consort and the Court of Windsor, Lindemann to Winston Churchill. The previous account of my life also shows that I have never been allowed to settle down anywhere and that again and again some catastrophe has pulled up the ground from underneath my feet. The first catastrophe was the Inflation which ate up all the money which my grandparents had put into War Loan so as to enable me to lead an academic life free

of financial cares and to subsist as a Privat Dozent (then unpaid) for any length of time. The second was in 1933 when by going to England I lost everything. And even now that I live in comfortable retirement in Sherborne, I am faced by a double catastrophe, first a galloping inflation and then the imminent Nuclear War. When I think of President Carter I sigh for the Emperor Caligula. Less moral, he was also less powerful. The very same people who at that time longingly raved for the destruction of the world by fire have now perfected the material means of bringing it about. Their *odium generis humani* will swallow us all. And who will then read all the clever books I have written in my long life?

In some ways I have been like the *cakravartin* who moves across the earth without ever touching it at any place. Throughout my life I have been a stranger on this earth and never felt at home anywhere. Nor have I ever found anyone who was completely congenial or whom I could trust altogether. Alas, not for me Yeats' proud statement, 'It is my glory that I had such friends.'

Some people find my mental processes hard to follow and some of my conclusions rather weird. They should realize that I am a younger contemporary of Max Ernst and Louis Aragon who reacts to the whirlwinds of a dissolving Imperialism through Thought as they did through Art. In England alone Dada and Surrealists have never put out any roots, and in England therefore is this attitude least likely to be appreciated. Fortunately ours is also the one European country which during the Twentieth Century has so far had no violent upheaval, whereas my character was formed in one which has had more than its due share of social turmoil. In some respects my archaic mind dwells still in the Age of Totemism, and I will be heard to refer to the Boar now and then as my Totem Animal. In recent years the Californian Road Runner has been added to my favourite animals. I wear a brooch of him on my chest and in my office there is a coloured photograph of him next to the Sistine Madonna and to a modern Japanese painting of Hsüan-Tsang sitting in a cage doing his translating. My kinship is based on this being an animal which cannot possibly be, — and yet it is. His remarkable countenance can be seen at VIII, p.607 of the current

Encyclopaedia Britannica. These terrestrial cuckoos[1] called *Geococcyx californianus* are none-too-bright[2], clumsy in flight, unable to run fast and tiring rapidly, and by the rules of the survival of the fittest the coyotes should have wiped them out long ago. And yet the deserts abound with them.

It may be that I am just a misfit and have failed to become socially integrated. But then I do not feel a misfit and the people who *are* socially integrated do in my mind sometimes resemble pigs in a pigsty rubbing themselves against other pigs. From early times onwards it has been my conviction that I have come from a higher realm; that my great knowledge of the Mahayana cannot be explained by what I could study in this life, but is based on my memory of what I learnt before; and that I was sent to the Western barbarians so as to soften their hearts by teaching them the Holy Prajñāpāramitā. Whether I was sent here because I was particularly culpable, or particularly tough, I could not say. It is obvious that I will not live very much longer and that soon I will know whether there is nothing at all after death or whether I will re-awaken to some angelic realm which I had to leave I do not know why. This kind of reasoning may seem to you to be totally absurd, but it has been my principal conscious motive in taking up Buddhist studies and persevering in them through untold difficulties. I leave it to a future positivistic and reductionist biographer to find the requisite disreputable motives for my deeds and am content to refer you to what I have said on this in 'Buddhist Thought in India' (pp. 43-46)[3]. We have heard of Conze; we have heard of Ackermann; but was there perhaps a third name, like Stoṅ-Pa-Ñid-La Mos-Pa, that is what we would wish to know. *Sapienti Sat*.

Those who have seen how this Saga unfurls
Now know how the oysters give birth to their pearls.

[1]In 1955 in *The Buddha's Law among the Birds*, I already sang the praises of the cuckoo who, as an incarnation of the great Bodhisattva Avalokitesvara, preached the Holy Dharma in the North of India (pp. 49-51)

[2]Only someone who is in himself not very bright would so lovingly recall so many of his clever remarks as I do.

[3]See Appendix 10, no. (11)

The Years after the War

After the War the rules for Tutorial Classes were altered. In tune with the increasing Bureaucratisation of life, freelance Tutors were no longer allowed to have more than two classes. If you wanted to have four, you had to become a Staff Tutor and undertake a fabulous amount of organisational work. Everybody knew that I was no good at such work and that, in any case, I would totally neglect it to get on with my scholarly pursuits. The only solution was to get two classes in the Oxford and two in the London area. I had a very successful and self-perpetuating class in Slough, which lies half way, and, with the help of my students, I got a room there in addition to the one I already had in Wellington Square in Oxford, almost next door to the Extramural Delegacy. That was the time when our Poet Laureate rhymed:—

'Come, friendly bombs, and fall on Slough,
It isn't fit for humans now.'

But this particular room was outside the truly horrible town, in Upton Park, a cluster of buildings next to the Eton Playing Fields, which had been built in the 19th century to house servants employed in Windsor Castle. The father of my girlfriend Muriel had come to the conclusion that I had put my caravan into his garden only to spy for Russia on the Atomic Power Station in nearby Harwell, had driven me off his ground with a pitch-fork and had asked her to leave the paternal home, — at the age of twenty nine not such a bad thing. She had trained to become a telephonist and took a job first in Abingdon, and then in Slough, where I found her a small room about as big as a cupboard in the same house in Upton Park. This was to be our joint home even after I moved back to London, and later on saved me from despair by allowing me to leave London town nearly every weekend. So for some years I distributed my time between Oxford, Slough and London.

While still in Oxford, Radhakrishnan, Claud Sutton (of St. Peter's Hall) and I founded a society for the study of comparative religion. Slowly and reluctantly I came to see the enormous difference between Radhakrishnan's Neo-Hinduism and my own

romantic notions of ancient Hinduism. As an admirer of Radhakrishnan's writings on Indian philosophy I counted myself fortunate to know him personally and hoped for mutual friendship and understanding. Instead he took a dislike to me (no wonder, since his Sun and Moon were both in Virgo!), and I thought less and less of him as time went on. It has taken me years to realize that we were at cross purposes from the very start. His actual beliefs were moulded at least as much by the English and Scottish missionaries operating in India as by the holy writings of Hinduism[1]. I held dear everything in Hindu tradition which he had jettisoned, whereas he had adopted the basic tenets of evangelical Christianity which had enabled my own forefathers to industrialize Germany and which were thus anathema to me. He believed that a marriage was worth preserving just because it existed, and his clumsy attempts to restore mine only made the situation worse. His basic convictions were those of a nationalist. A nationalist is a cock crowing on his dunghill, and the main attraction that spirituality had for Radhakrishnan was that his dear Hindus had apparently so much of it. It slowly dawned upon me that his teaching that 'all religions are one' did not mean what it said, but that he had given it a nationalist twist. What he actually meant was that all the 'higher' religions agreed among themselves in so far as they agreed with Śānkarācārya's Vedanta (a simple consequence of one of Euclid's axioms), but that this did not include 'superstitions', such as redemption by the blood of Jesus Christ ('mere blood magic'), which had to be viewed as concessions to people less spiritually developed than the Hindus of the Brahmin caste. By 1956 his Vice-Presidential duties took so much of his time that he dropped both unction and caution, and bared his heart. 'Recovery of Faith' let the cat out of the bag, and I quote from my review (zw): 'The book is filled to the brim with unexceptionable sentiments and many are the warnings it contains against contempt for religions other than our own. We might easily weary of such uplift, if our attention were not periodically re-awakened by such priceless polemical

[1]At the time I was too naive to see this. Meanwhile the matter has been cleared up in a fairly voluminous literature, of which I will mention the fine book of my friend and Lancaster colleague, Eric J. Sharpe, *Not to destroy but fulfil,* 1965, about J. N. Farquhar.

pearls as this remark of Stephen McKenna, 'the brilliant translator of Plotinus' *Enneads,* who said 'That Christianity instead of Platonism became the religion of the later ages is the eternal proof of the imbecility of man' '. This kind of 'murder by quotation' was developed into a fine art in Radhakrishnan's book.'

While Radhakrishnan was away as Ambassador in Moscow, Murti took his place and used the opportunity to complete his fine book on 'The Central Philosophy of Buddhism'. In spite of much intellectual affinity our minds never met. He was a Brahmin of the Brahmins, and I was to him the kind of Mleccha whose very shadow defiles. Once he rushed out of the room because I had blown my nose. Such conduct disconcerts when encountered in an Oxford suburb. He incidentally attributed the superior quality of the housing in that suburb to the plunder of Bengal in the 18th century. Years later, when he was Vice-Chancellor of Benares University, he brought out my self-righteous Calvinistic stiffness in connection with the doctoral dissertation of Amalia Pezzali. In Berkeley in 1972 we were, however, quite friendly when we had a debate, a tournament arranged as a kind of bull-fight for the delight of several hundred students. And yet, although agreed on the basic tenets of Buddhist scholarship, whenever we meet we remain thousands of miles apart.

Fairly consistently I have had definite likes and dislikes for various nations. There has been no Pole with whom I have not quarrelled soon, nor a Serb with whom I have failed to chum up. Hindus are not among my favourites. One can obviously embrace a religion without taking to the nationals of the country in which it originated. Martin Luther had a very low opinion of Jews. There have been only a few culturally creative populations in human history, and I clearly swim in the Greek, and not in the Hindu, stream. Each day my thoughts go out to Homer a dozen times, but of long stretches of the Mahābhārata I think with embarrassment, boredom, derision and an occasional shudder. The Hindus I met, on their part, may well have been repelled by what must have seemed to them my europocentric arrogance. This reminds me of the offence I gave in Wisconsin to a Japanese student, Shotaro Iida (now Professor at the UBC in Vancouver), a Nichiren nationalist, when I casually remarked that the basic trouble over the last 400

years had been the imbalance created by the white races outstripping all the others. They had taken the lead even in such unlikely fields as Buddhology which one would have regarded as the preserve of Orientals; in fact, even scholars from the East counted only if they had studied with the White Man. Angrily he spent a whole morning in the Library checking up on this, and found it to be so.

Our libel laws prevent me from describing the epic struggle between myself and Thomas Lionel Hodgkin, Secretary to the OU Delegacy for Extramural Studies between 1945 and 1952, which extended over several years and which we both lost, thus depriving me of my foothold in Oxford. It involved a number of quite prominent people, G. D. H. Cole, Lady Wootton, Lord Lindsay, Prof. Raymond Williams, O. L. Zangwill, Professor of Experimental Psychology at the University of Cambridge, and throws some light on the Mores of the times. Perhaps when I am still further into my anecdotage I may tell the story in full.

'Buddhism'

At that time paper was rationed and paper rationing favoured the smaller publisher. In this way Cassirer's, one of the smallest to be sure, found itself in possession of big roll of paper which was worth its weight in gold. Because of William Cohn's strong, unqualified recommendation Mr. Hill decided to use it for my 'Buddhism'. Someone kindly warned Mr. Hill against publishing my book, because he might not have known that I was a Communist and up to no good[1]. In the end the book was only saved because Arthur Waley wrote, at William Cohn's request, a preface of one page. To my annoyance this was always quoted by all the reviewers because that was as far as they had got.

The 'Buddhism' book was really quite a success. It has also stood the test of time. The only factual mistake that has so far been

[1]This was the time of the Cold War, and even Christmas Humphreys, a staunch establishment-figure, was caught up in it from the very start. He decreed that no communist could join his Buddhist Society. On becoming Vice President, I often took part in the farcical procedure with which our Council Meetings used to open, i.e. the scrutiny of new membership applications for possible Communists. From my vast experience in these matters, I could now and then give him a hint or two on how to foil Moscow's machinations.

discovered is that, following Woodroffe, I say that the partners, or consorts, of the heterosexually-inclined Buddhist monks are called *Śaktis,* whereas in fact they were known as *prajñās,* or *vidyās,* as among the Gnostics. For the rest, the entire treatment of the Tantras is the feeblest part of the book, but at that time it was considered daring even to include the Tantra as one of the authentic or legitimate developments of Buddhism. I have often been asked to re-write this part of the book and at one stage I even promised my publisher to do so. Nothing came of this, however, because, although a really enormous amount of information about the material side of the Tantras has been made available over the last 25 years, what we have does not enable us either to grasp or to convey the spirit behind them. Unless both author and reader can themselves work magic, most of the information we have is bound to remain fairly barren. The turgid ululations of Guenther, the salaciousness of Philip Rawson, the evasions of Snellgrove, the dry and confused anthropological note-takings of Rene de Nebesky-Wojkowitz, the philological shoddiness of the Paris-based students of Mlle. Lalou, they all share the kind of incomprehension which men born and bred in a scientific technological Society must feel for that which goes back to the Stone Age and clearly belongs to it. Eliade's book on *Shamanism* (1951; 1964 in English) is probably the best we have on the subject. The more often one re-reads it, the more unconvincing it becomes. When in 1964 I visited him and his wife in their flat in Chicago, I saw clearly that, though a great scholar, he was not a man who could work magic. In consequence he spoke on these matters without authority, like the Scribes and Pharisees. Or like Sir James Frazer, who wrote dozens of volumes about primitive mentality (largely denouncing it), but whose top-hatted, frock-coated and beribboned self could not have exchanged even two sentences with even one actual survivor from the primitive ages of man. He was, in fact, like Karl Marx when confronted with the British Working Man in an English pub on Tottenham Court Road.

In 1959 'Buddhism' became a Harper Torchbook and since that time it has introduced countless American students to the subject, apart from providing a welcome steady income all these years. It

has also been translated into six languages, i.e. French, (1952), German, (1953), Italian, (1955), Dutch (1971), Japanese (1975) and Spanish (1978). The French translation was done by the wife of Prof. Renou and its literary style is superior to that of the original. At the same time, Mme. Renou steadfastly refused to translate my words of praise for Theosophists at the end of the book, and I had no choice but to acquiesce.

The German translation revealed some connections between the first and the third part of my life. The only Buddha image which Kohlhammer could think of was one with a Swastika on his chest. As a dedicated anti-fascist, I thought that this rabble of ex-Nazis ought to be taught a lesson, and insisted that at the last moment they should, at considerable cost, insert before the *Einleitung* a fine poem by Albrecht Haushofer from his *Moabiter Sonette* which he wrote in Moabit Gaol before his execution by the Nazis in 1944. He was the son of Prof. Karl Haushofer (1869-1946), the founder of geo-politics. When we were defeated in 1933, we instructed our working class comrades in Hamburg to join the S.A., with the result that S.A. men were soon compared to underdone beef steaks, — outside brown and inside red. Those middle-class comrades who were unknown to the police, were moved into Haushofer's geo-political organisation, sometimes as a prelude to sluicing them into the N.S.D.A.P. The best known example of this is Richard Sorge, who managed to listen in to the deliberations of the 113th descendant of Amaterasu and so could assure Moscow that the Japanese army would attack Singapore and not Vladivostock. The clever-stupid scribblers who never manage to do anything, repeat again and again that that priceless information was ignored. In fact the Siberian army, fresh from its great victory over the Japanese at the Khalkhin-gol (Nomonhan), was ordered back to Moscow where their appearance once and for all put a stop to the Nazi advance. After the War a former chauffeur of Von Rundstedt, who was then employed by my brother, often spoke to me of the dismay which the Nazi troops felt when the Siberian army appeared out of the blue and they realised that Hitler had lied to them. It was a tribute to my expensive education that he never even guessed what deep happiness and contentment came over me when he told these stories. And it is certainly strange, puzzling and deeply disquieting

that in this crisis of his own country a quite ordinary German like myself, and many others like me, should have taken the side of our country's enemies. That is also something which Hitler managed to do! It strikes me indeed as most anomalous that, whereas I mourned deeply when I heard that the Reichswehr had marched through the Arc de Triomphe, I rejoiced, as I have rarely rejoiced, when I saw the red flag with the hammer and sickle hoisted over the Reichstag amid the ruins of Nazi Berlin.

'Buddhist Texts' begun

The passage of time has obscured the fact that my 'Buddhism' contained many innovations and differed substantially from previous presentations of the subject. In the Author's Note I had said: 'It may, one day, be possible to offer the reader a Selection from the main Documents of Buddhist thinking which would substantiate much that is merely stated here.'

On my visits to the School of Oriental Studies I had made the acquaintance of Dr. Snellgrove, our greatest authority on the Tantras. We had become quite friendly and he had helped me financially by persuading the Library to let me catalogue a vast heap of Tibetan block prints, which had lain on the shelves for many years. We agreed that I should do the early and he the later Mahayana. For the Theravadins I approached Miss I. B. Horner, who was then, with E. J. Thomas after his stroke slowly fading away, fast becoming our leading authority on Pali Buddhism. I had corresponded with her many years ago when she still lived in Manchester. She readily agreed and proved very cooperative indeed. But the publisher said that there was only one way of assuring a satisfactory sale and that was to rope in Arthur Waley and make him do the Chinese and Japanese Buddhism. If I did not pull this off, there would be no book.

Move to London and Ladbroke Square

In February 1952 I moved back to London. The work on the new book required my constant attendance at the LSOAS. At first I had used their Senior Common Room as my *pied à terre* in London, but after some time I was ejected as not belonging to the permanent staff. So I persuaded Prof. F. W. Thomas to get me a room at the

India Office Library. At first there was considerable resistance to this move by the powers that be, and much bureaucratic obstructiveness. At the time I could not understand that, but after reading Har Dayal's biography everything is clear to me now. The MI5 had, of course, reported on my close friendship with this man whom they regarded as one of the most dangerous revolutionaries in India. After some time, under the influence of S. C. Sutton, Librarian from 1949 to 1972, everything settled down, however, and I spent many happy hours in Room 253A next to my dear friend Averil Thompson. My task was to look after the Central Asian collection of Sanskrit and Tibetan fragments, to catalogue the Hoernle collection and later on to prepare the indices to F. W. Thomas's 'Tibetan Literary Texts' etc., finally published in 1963, although finished in 1959.

There have been so many lamentations about the carelessness which left Kim Philby undetected for so long that I would like to tell the story of my pass at the India Office Library. Our building in Whitehall was adjacent to the Foreign Office. Whenever our lift broke down, which was pretty often, we had to use another lift which enabled us to get out on the second floor at the Foreign Office. We were strictly forbidden to do so in case we stole the precious secrets of that Department. One day, of course, I stopped and went out and what I saw was a really gigantic staircase with an equally gigantic picture of the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie, which must go back to their visit to London. After the Suez debacle our rulers must have had a sense of guilt and imagined that 'agents', either Egyptian or Russian, would come into the building and blow it up in revenge for what our rockets had done to Port Said. So we had to get new special passes which were superior to all other passes known so far, because they contained a secret chemical which the Russians could not imitate. In consequence we were warned never to leave our pass out of our hands so that the Russians could not analyze it long enough to find this secret chemical. Like everybody else I applied, but nothing happened for months. Since the guard at the entrance knew that I had an office of my own specially marked, 'Dr. Edward Conze', he let me in without the pass. One day, however, there was a new man who had never seen me. When I showed no pass he made me fill up

an endless form. I was accompanied to the Department by a frail and shaky elderly man, had to sign my name in several books and wasted nearly half an hour over these proceedings. At once I went to Sutton, the Head, and asked him whether MI5 had got hold of my Communist past, smelt a rat and refused to issue the pass. In my presence he rang up MI5 who said that there had been no difficulty of any kind with this pass, and that in fact it had been issued within a week of application, i.e. several months ago. The question was where was it? With great efficiency it had been sent by special courier to my office where the courier had just left it on top of the shelf at the left of the door. We went and there was an envelope clearly marked, 'Pass for Dr. Conze' covered with thick dust. It had been accessible to everybody who went into this office during my absence. One must bear in mind that my room could never be locked because it contained the Tibetan fragments from Turkestan which had to be accessible to scholars at any time, even when I was not there. I have always cherished the memory of this event, and I cannot say how happy I am to live in a country which treats security problems in this manner.

The place where I lived most of the time was Room 5 in 9 Ladbroke Square. The Notting Hill Gate district was then a favourite haunt of the more impecunious intelligentsia. For instance, one of my near-neighbours was a certain Colin Wilson who first enchanted intellectuals with a fine book on 'The Outsider', and then won the heart of the Great British Public when he called in the police to protect him from the father of the girl with whom he lived, and who had come from some remote fastness in the Provinces to horsewhip him. The advantage was that the district had more tube and railway lines and more buses than any other place in London. It was also sufficiently central for me to walk through the parks to Whitehall and the IOL. Finally, it was fairly cheap, because on the way down, and menaced by the seediness of Ladbroke Grove, etc. In due course it was finished off by the blacks, who slowly moved down from Paddington Station. The end came when they bought a strategic corner house near Ladbroke Square, painted the steps with colour like ox-blood and opened a brothel, with young white girls flitting in and out, beer bottles and beer cans being flung out of windows and passers-by

molested. It seemed time to move and I went to Datchet near Windsor in 1958. Six months later the first race riot erupted.[1]

Room 5 in 9 Ladbroke Square was distinctly marginal. It had been a greenhouse; the whole outside was glass, which was good for the eyes, but made it intolerably hot in summer. The atmosphere in the house was, however, fairly pleasant, because it was dominated by members of the Shanti Sadan, a Vedantist organisation nearby, which had Dr. Shastri as their head. I had got the room in the first place through a Swiss student of mine from pre-war days, called Anna Ackermann, who had undergone the same journey from Marxism to Mysticism as I had. She was now Mrs. Perkins and a pillar of the Shanti Sadan. I went frequently to it and joined the chanting of *Oṃ Citānandarūpaṃ Śivo'haṃ Śivo'haṃ Śivo'ham.* This had quite an extraordinary effect on me. London life is of such a nature that one is pre-occupied with dozens of things all the time. When I went in I usually worried like hell. After only five minutes, each time, all these worries had melted away and I could no longer even recall what had bothered me so much. Through the Shanti Sadan I also met Mr. R. T. Leggett, a remarkable person, who later helped me with my Penguin 'Buddhist Scriptures'. Both the Perkins died when I was away in America. When I heard the news on a visit to London it badly affected me. In fact I still cannot take it in. Such a thing has never happened with regard to anyone else and I cannot understand it.

On standardizing Buddhist Terminology

It has been clear to me for a long time that Buddhist studies cannot be put on a firm foundation unless one standardizes the translation of the basic technical terms, whether they occur in Pali, Sanskrit, Chinese or Tibetan. In 1963 I could, in Wisconsin, bring out a list of such terms — 27 pages in English, Sanskrit and Chinese. The Chinese, giving both the 'old' and 'new' translation, was written in by Dr. Kiyota. Later on a revised version was brought out in Seattle with Leon Hurvitz revising the Chinese and

[1]My further comments on the negrification of Notting Hill Gate manifestly contravene the Race Relations Act of June 1977. They are therefore removed to PART III.

Terry Wylie adding the Tibetan. Hundreds of copies of these Dharma Lists have been distributed in Wisconsin, Seattle, Berkeley, Santa Barbara and Lancaster, and their influence has been not inconsiderable. My first inspiration for this work came from Nyanatiloka's (19.2.1878-1957) *Pali-Wörterbuch,* 1928, which explains the words etymologically in an exemplary manner so that one can go behind the German equivalent. In 1975 I published a 'List of Buddhist Terms' in English and Tibetan in 'The Tibet Journal' I 1 pp 36-72. The meaning of Buddhist terms can be deduced from the context, the practice of meditation, the definitions of the terms in the Abhidharma and finally from their etymology. In America I later on distributed reliable translations of the definitions of basic Abhidharma terms in the *Visuddhimagga* and in Sthiramati's commentary to the *Triṃśika.* As for the principles and rules of etymological derivation, we must bear in mind that the copious mediaeval grammarians often differ from those which developed in Europe from the 19th century onwards. In consequence I had started in Seattle on a translation of the 9th century *Sgra-Sbyor* to which Prof. van Nooten appended some valuable notes in Berkeley in March 1972. I regret that owing to my departure from the U.S. this work could not be completed. We were hampered by the difficulty of deciphering the text of the red Derge Tanjur belonging to Stanford, which had at one point fallen into a river. When I have managed to get hold of the Sonam Angdu Edition (Tibeto-Sanskrit Lexicographical Materials, Leh (Ladakh) 1973) I hope to resume the work on this project.

When we planned our 'Buddhist Texts' we agreed that we should all use the same English words for the basic concepts, but this could not be carried out in practice. Kumārajīva had had the backing of the Chinese Emperor and the *Mahāvyutpatti* that of the King of Tibet. I, however, was only a penniless refuge, without any solid basis in society and pushed around from pillar to post by everyone who felt like it. Among the four of us I was indeed the least in social status and pull.

I. B. Horner generally yielded to my entreaties and although she remained convinced that the Buddha had taught the Upanishadic *Ātman,* she agreed to remove all references to a substantive Self and replace them with a reflexive pronoun. This battle, very dear to

my heart, was won by the timely appearance of H. Von Glasenapp's *Vedanta und Buddhismus* in 1950. He there proved beyond any possibility of doubt, that, "as far as I can see there is not a single passage in the Canon where the word 'attā' is used in the sense of the Upanishadic Ātman'. Up to then it might have been quite plausible to translate 'attā hi attano nātho' in *Dhammapada* 160 as 'The Self is the Lord, or Saviour, of the Self', instead of 'each one is his own Saviour', but then the following verse, 161 would have no meaning at all. It is 'attanā va katam pāpam, attajam, attasambhavam', which surely cannot mean 'Evil is done by the Self, it is born of the Self, etc.'

In this matter of establishing a uniform terminology Snellgrove was less malleable and whenever I pressed him, maintained that this particular passage was translated not from the Sanskrit, but from the Tibetan, which he obviously knew so much better than I did. And as for Arthur Waley, he bluntly informed me that all his extracts were done from the Chinese, a language which I did not know and on which he did not need my advice. When he gave me his final typescript, he specially stressed that this must not be altered in any way whatsoever, and he expressed special concern over retaining a certain comma, which looked indeed rather odd.

For the rest, he obstinately refused to do the passages which I had hoped for. I had expected large chunks from the Vimalakīrti-nirdeśa, but all he produced was a sneering denigration of that sublime scripture. As for the 'Awakening of Faith', I noted from Suzuki's translation the portions I wanted done and we went over them in the columns of the Taisho text. None of my selections won his favour, they were either boring, or unintelligible, or spurious, or corrupt. As for the *Śūraṅgama* he burst into hoots of laughter at the thought that anyone could wish to take it seriously.

'Buddhist Texts' completed

'Buddhist Texts Through the Ages' appeared early in 1954. On the cover I put a photo of the Leyden Prajñāpāramitā, who, prominently displayed by Luzac's and other shops, became the pin-up girl of the Buddhist movement for several years. The publication was inaugurated by a Reception arranged on April 28th, 1954 jointly by the Royal India, Pakistan and Ceylon Society

and by the Buddhist Society, at which the authors and the publisher tried to look both dignified and important. It was a great success. In 1957 the Fischer Buecherei published a German translation called 'Im Zeichen Buddhas'. When the first edition of 90,000 copies had been exhausted, Helmuth von Glasenapp persuaded the publishers not to reprint. This has cost me a lot of money. As it were by way of compensation, Glasenapp offered to propose me as his successor at the University of Tuebingen. Although personally we got on well together, — we belonged to the same class of German society, — I declined the offer. My letter of 24.5.59 (see Appendix 2) parallels Spinoza's rejection of the Heidelberg Chair. This pleases me because I have always felt a warm affection for Spinoza. Almost alone among modern philosophers he actually lived like one. In the sound tradition of the Rabbis he had learned a trade. I have repeatedly visited the Spinozahuis in Rijnsburg and reverently viewed the bench on which he ground and polished the lenses which killed him at the age of forty four.

In spite of my extreme poverty, I did a great deal of travelling on the Continent in the late forties. How I financed it I can no longer imagine, since in those days I had neither royalties, nor subsidies from the German family. In addition, it was almost impossible to buy a rail ticket even to Paris (waiting for these tickets in endless queues on Victoria Station was a truly nerve-wracking experience) and everything was done to prevent escape from Sir Stafford Cripp's dreary jailhouse, which attempted to improve our characters and turn us to God by depriving us of everything which makes life worth living. The food was so atrocious (snoek, spam and Chinese dried egg powder which ulcerated the throat) that the first thing one did abroad was to order a steak. Twice in Louvain I swallowed mine so greedily that I nearly choked. In those years I went to see the leading Buddhist scholars in Paris, Leyden, Louvain and Rome. These visits resulted in a number of publications.

Publications through G. Tucci

First of all the *Serie Orientale Roma* published in 1954 as its No. VI my translation, with detailed Indices, of the *Abhisamayālankāra,* a commentary which has dominated the Tibetan exegesis of the P.P. for a long time and which is so elliptic and cryptic that a

translation was considered impossible. The book sold out some years ago and its reprint, with some corrections, has been held up by the current economic malaise. Then, in 1957, there appeared as No. XIII my edition and translation, with introduction and glossary, of the *Vajracchedikā Prajñāpāramitā*. The translation was quite literal, so that it could be used at Universities to teach Buddhist Sanskrit. The book was reprinted in 1974, for my seventieth birthday, with four pages of corrections and additions. At some date Tucci gave me a photocopy of a number of pages from the Gilgit Ms. of the P.P. The originals had gone astray from the remainder, and had been bought from a Major in the Pakistan Army. This document proved a tremendous strain on my eyes, but appeared as No. XXVI of the SOR in 1962, to be followed in 1974 by another part of the Gilgit Ms. now in Delhi. This is enough for the time being and I have trained a few scholars in the U.S. who one day may continue the work where I left off.

One of Tucci's projects was a four volume encyclopaedic survey of Oriental Civilisations, called *Le Civiltà dell'Oriente*. For its third volume he wanted from me an article on *Buddhism* which appeared in 1958, with many illustrations. My English text was translated into Italian by Evola, a moderately proficient scholar who had been a member of OVRA, the fascist Secret Police, and who was now paralysed after having been shot in the back in Austria. On the assumption, probably, that I knew no Italian, he had made a number of alterations and in particular he had removed all my remarks about Faith as an indispensable virtue, since, like many other ignoramuses he had been drawn to Buddhism as a purely 'rational' creed. I had to go to Rome over this and there was quite a shindy, particularly because I refused to meet him personally. But Tucci's diplomatic abilities, and the mediating activities of a young man called Daffinà, solved all these problems in the end to my satisfaction, if not that of Mr. Evola.

My presence in Rome was also required by another contretemps, which was really quite comical and illustrates the Italian concern with La Bella Figura. The very complicated text of the Vajracchedikā had been set up by men who knew no Sanskrit and little English. As to the latter they divided 'wit-hout' in the middle of a letter and refused to print that 'Prof. Edgerton murders the meaning of this

word' until at last I wrote *'Assassinare'* in the margin. Four proofs had gone to and fro between Rome and London and now the fifth was due. But that had been lost and the task was to find it. Now when I had been in the C.P. in Hamburg, we had always known what the Nazis were doing, whereas the Nazis either did not know what we were doing, or what they knew was just not so. Endowed with these talents I sniffed out the surprising truth. The man who dealt with proofs was some insignificant underling in a huge office (the Palazzo Brancaccio had no small rooms) who had to take registered letters to the P.O. and to date-stamp the proofs he received. Now it is a fact of life not only in Italy (I saw it later on in the Soviet Union) that the less work the lesser bureaucrats have to do, the less they will do. So he had omitted to date-stamp the four proofs, which were all found in his desk, and as a none-too-well educated person he did not know which one to send to the printer, and was too ashamed to admit it. This was the ridiculous mouse at the bottom of this mountain of discontent, and I still remember the upsurge of Italian temperament which arose when this was revealed at an Institute party which took place just then. I promised the culprit that he would not be punished and perhaps Tucci let him off.

The article for *Civiltà* was very well paid, but in order to protect the ever-shaky Lire the Government had made regulations preventing me from taking money out of Italy, or from paying it into a bank account. So Muriel made an extra pocket in my waistcoat, into which I stuffed those enormous 10,000-lire notes, which we then spent on luxurious living. We had all the more money because Tucci had booked us, at his expense, into the Hotel Ludovisi, a quite splendid place near the Villa Borghese, which stood empty when I last saw it in 1966. It had gone bankrupt, because it was unwilling to adjust itself to a world of mass tourism and package tours. When we were there, the staff had much fun with a group known as *Gli Quaranta Inglese* who were ostentatiously isolated from the more well-bred clientèle who came to Rome not to gape, but to do something useful and who had the wits to buy their own tickets, etc. Who would want even to breathe the same air as such a low form of life? Alas, in this, as in so many other ways, we have been forced to modify our standards, or to

stay at home. These people have started to trample the Acropolis back into the ground, something that even the Turks had not managed to do.

The sumptuous publication of *Civiltà dell'Oriente* had been undertaken on the assumption that an English translation would be published in America and bring in a lot of money. This did not happen, largely because the Americans had not yet realised that their madcap adventures in Asia would be more likely to succeed, if backed by some knowledge of the area. So I published the English text of my Buddhism independently in 1960 in Bombay. I had been induced to do so by the Bhikshu Sangharakshita, who had, in 1952, already started to serialise my 'Selected Sayings from the Perfection of Wisdom' in his Kalimpong 'Stepping Stones', and whom I regard as the only English Buddhist leader so far who has understood Buddhist doctrine. It was not his fault that my 'Short History of Buddhism' came out full of misprints, that I and the Italian publishers were cheated out of our royalties and that the whole experience was a pain in the neck.

Before I move on from Giuseppe Tucci I must mention a last service he did me. He made me give, at the ISMEO, a lecture on 'Buddhism and Gnosticism''. This same lecture, improved all the time, was given again in Moscow in 1960, in Vancouver in 1964, in Messina in 1966, in Bonn in 1969, and in Berkeley in 1972. So it has obviously seemed of some importance to me. The final result was published as 'Buddhism and Gnosis' in 'Further Buddhist Studies', 1975, pp. 15-32. This paper contains two controversial assertions: (1) Mahayana Buddhism was the same as Gnosticism. This is supported by much firsthand evidence and so far other scholars seem to have been too stunned to answer back. (2) India received many ideas from Alexandria and Asia Minor. It was the second of these assertions which caused the trouble, though not in Rome. Before I started my address there, I was introduced to the Indian Ambassador, whom I had not expected. I feared his reactions and felt apprehensive when he spoke in the discussion, but I was pleasantly surprised when he said that he himself was a Christian from the South of India and that he was glad to hear that I had postulated Christian influence in his homeland at the very time and the very place the apostle was supposed to have landed, and that it

made him happy that I had confirmed the legend against the carpings of later historians. Very different was the reception in Moscow at the International Congress of Orientalists, where it landed me in some trouble. It began with an innocuous note on the front page of *Pravda* (11.8.60) which said: 'A lively discussion at the session of the two sections emerged from the lecture of E. Konza (London) 'The Mahayana and the Near East'. In this discussion Indian scholars, — Chatterjee, Chatopadhano, Shastri — were prominent and spoke out against the critical observations of the lecturer.' It is characteristic of the atmosphere in Moscow at the time that this was built up into a mild alarm. Not only did everybody expect just then a spectacular public trial of Powers, the American U2 pilot, but also the delegates had been thoroughly irritated and made nervous by the constant supervisions and restrictions of a Police State. Delegates to such conferences do not normally read *Pravda,* and the British Embassy enquired who was this British delegate with the extraordinary name of Konza. The initial fact was distorted into the rumour that a British Imperialist called Edward Konza had insulted the Asians by suggesting that their thinking had been influenced by European Colonialists (though of course, he had spoken of fellow Asians in Asia Minor)[1] and there were many jokes of my being despatched to Siberia at any moment. All this was due to the Indian Government having sent, as delegates, some distinctly superannuated politicos who had distinguished themselves by their opposition to Lord Curzon's partition of Bengal at the beginning of the century, and who regarded their victory over Curzon in 1911 as a turning point of human history. They were outraged when I suggested that much Indian thought has been borrowed from the Mediterranean and raised the Nationalist parrot cry, — 'India has never learnt anything from anybody'. The Russians had to humour them, because there were two possibilities for the next conference — New York or New Delhi. If it had been New York all these influential Orientalists

[1]This is how the story reached the account of the Conference in *The Observer* which was headed, 'Orientalists caught in Cold War Blast'. It said: 'Our most distinguished Buddhist scholar, after making a plea for a non-nationalist approach to the problems of the diffusion of religious ideas, was somewhat surprised to find himself branded in a Russian Newspaper as an enemy of the Asian Peoples'.

would have been treated to the contrast between business-like American efficiency and the chaotic slovenliness of Moscow. And so, by means of truly labyrinthine and Byzantine intrigues, (during which I had to rescue the chief American delegate, Norman Brown, from being driven mad by the Russian bureaucracy) the Russians achieved in the end a majority decision in favour of Delhi. There in due course indeed the delegates sighed for the relative efficiency they had enjoyed in Moscow.

Activities connected with the London Buddhist Society

Next I turn to the genesis of my fourth Buddhist book, the 'Selected Sayings from the Perfection of Wisdom', published by the Buddhist Society in 1955 (reprinted in 1968 and 1975), as well as the important articles I wrote for the 'Middle Way' between 1952 and 1963. While I lived in London I was soon drawn into the activities of the Buddhist Society. At one point its President, Christmas Humphreys, asked me to be a Vice-President. The other two were Miss I. B. Horner and Mr. Maurice O'Connell Walshe.

Miss Horner, a delightful lady of independent means, had been trained by Caroline Rhys Davids in Manchester and had taken over from her the Pali Text Society, which she ran efficiently, spending about £50,000 of her own money on printing texts and translations. She herself was a fine and meticulous scholar, who published many first class translations, especially the six volume Vinaya. She was a high Tory true-blue, and having tea with her at the Ladies' Carlton Club near Hyde Park Corner introduced me to a world the existence of which I had never suspected. She and I were taken on as Vice-Presidents because of our scholarly prestige, but we did little to promote the actual day-to-day running of the Society. At Council meetings we watched our President's performance with the amused tolerance one feels for a barker at a country fair, and now and then it entertained us to trip him up on matters of scholarship. Miss Horner was particularly cross with him because he persisted in treating 'The Voice of the Silence', to her the work of 'A Russian Adventuress' called Mme. Blavatsky, as an authentic Buddhist scripture of outstanding value.

In 1952 an event took place which brought me into much closer contact with the Buddhist Society, — Mrs. Muriel (Carlo) Robins

took over 'The Middle Way'. Originally Carlo had been a ballet[1] dancer, or more precisely a *première danseuse.* She had now left the theatre and earned her living by designing intricate knitting patterns for the Womens' Magazines. At the time I had classes at the City Literary Institute which was one of the best centres of Adult Education in London because it drew its students from the business and government offices in Central London. I introduced Carlo to its Director, and her very popular classes in Buddhism, Art, etc. continued long after I had left London. In her mental processes she was a bit of a delusion-type, and I soon nicknamed her 'Moha'.[2] She had, however, a quality which in religious matters is more valuable than cleverness, erudition, or organisational ability. She had a pure heart, and all that goes with it. I can never think of her without having a mild vision of a bunch of neatly arranged cornflowers. This in itself made her a delightful and restful companion. What was of particular importance to my work was that she was the only one among Christmas Humphreys' female appendages who could stand up to him. There had been a particularly glaring example of his altering one of my sentences while I had been away in Germany, and I told Carlo that I would have no more of this. In consequence my dearly beloved Moha and I spent the entire afternoon in her Club on Cavendish Square, we opened our souls to one another and then and there made a pact that we would resist such high-handedness in future, whether it came from Christmas himself, or anyone else. After Carlo's

[1]To quote Alan Watts 'In my Own Way', 1972: 'Toby and I were such avid fans of the ballet that we had opera cloaks made for ourselves and attended the ballet at Covent Garden with ivory-handled black canes and white gloves'. (83-84) On p. 131 he speaks of 'An evening with Puck and Toby at Covent Garden for the Russian Ballet; all of us in full regalia with cloaks and ebony canes and satins and jewels, jostling at the great bar with Princes, Rajas, Duchesses, Marquises, Counts, Viscounts, Barons, Bankers, eminent Journalists, Novelists, Actors and artists, and a select company of wizards, sages and gurus in disguise.' The mind boggles when it thinks of this couple of show-offs making their way through life. But such is the stuff with which Providence chooses to achieve its own ends. Most of my American students had first become interested in Buddhism through Alan Watts. It is true that they had to unlearn most of what they had learnt. It is equally true that he put out the net which caught them in the first place.

[2]Buddhaghosa *(Buddhist Scriptures* 116-120) distinguishes six types of persons, — those dominated by greed, hate or delusion, or by the corresponding virtues of faith, wisdom and carefulness. *Moha* is the Pali word for 'delusion, confusedness', and so on.

departure I have been effectively kept out of 'The Middle Way' over the last fifteen years. This has vexed me greatly. As I once pointed out to C.H., this will be quite a black pebble against him when he accounts for his stewardship to Yama. Until then, but not thereafter, he will prevail.

I will now say a few words about the literary output which resulted from the ten-year alliance between Conze, Christmas and Carlo. The articles in 'The Middle Way' can be looked up in my Bibliography, and I have spoken already of 'The Selected Sayings'. Between 1955 and 1957 I published for 'The Middle Way' eight articles giving a detailed commentary of the *Heart Sutra* and the *Diamond Sutra,* the first time that such a thing had been attempted in Europe. The idea was not quite welcome to Mr. Humphreys who is convinced that 'Zen', to him 'the highest form of Buddhism'[1], has no scriptures. He can adduce in his favour what he describes as Lian K'ai's (circa 1225) 'glorious' picture showing the Sixth Patriarch tearing up a Sutra, a picture which is indeed very impressive if properly reproduced (as in J. Fontein & M. L. Hickman, *Zen,* 1970, p.18). What he forgets is that this is one single document against millions of others which testify to Buddhist respect for books, often amounting to bibliolatry. His anti-intellectualistic and irrationalistic fervour illustrates once again why the managerial mind should keep its heavy hands out of spiritual matters. In 1225 in China there was indeed a surplus of scriptures and the threat to the spiritual life lay in their mechanical recitation and in over-attentiveness to their letter. In England in 1955 there was a dearth of accurate and reliable translations of the scriptures (which have in fact become possible only in my generation) and the threat to the spiritual life lay in people's having no information about the traditions and making do with their own fancies and guesses.

[1]Once I asked how it came about that he, of all people, had come to hear of this highest form of the highest (i.e. Buddhist) teaching, i.e. the 'all-highest' of all teachings. He did not even understand my question because he was unaware of the Thomistic principle that the knower must somehow be in tune with the known. The Buddhist Movement is overrun by people who fancy that only the highest is good enough for them, — be it Zen or Rdzogs Chen or Avataṃsaka. There is a parallel to this among academic students. The least promising among them at once go for the Ālayavijñāna, the Ādibuddha or the Sambhogakāya. If people would only try to do what they can do, how much the entire scene would be improved.

When the articles were completed, Allen and Unwin in 1958 published them as 'Buddhist Wisdom Books'. The publishers were so doubtful about the commercial prospects of this book that they persuaded me to omit the commentary to Chapters 13 to 29 which had also not appeared in 'The Middle Way' and which, after having repeatedly been rejected by that paper, saw the light of day in a slightly mauled form only in 1976 in *Vajra* 3, pp. 3-12, the journal of Chime Rinpoche's Kham Tibetan House, Ashdon, Essex. Nevertheless, the sale of the book benefited from the tremendous upsurge of interest in Zen because, however much they might denounce scriptures as such, most Zen groups regularly recite the 'Heart Sutra' either in its Japanese or in my English translation, and even the most superficial student could not fail to learn soon of the decisive importance which the 'Diamond Sutra' has had for Zen, or rather Ch'an, in its early stages. In consequence, the book was reprinted in England in 1966 and 1970, and, in 1975, as a paper-back with some corrections; the American 1972 edition in Harper Torchbooks sells very well indeed and in 1976 Astrolabio even brought out an Italian translation. So what we had begun with much fear and tribulation turned out to be quite a success in the end.

Next we come to the 'Buddhist Scriptures' in the Penguin Classics. This was originally the idea of Christmas Humphreys who wanted it as a complement to his book, 'Buddhism', just as 'Buddhist Texts' had been a complement to mine. His 1951 book had sold extremely well and has continued to do so. It is, however, more popular among the general public than it is esteemed by the scholars and experts. Knowledge, in the nature of things, must be conveyed on different levels. In an ideal world, these conveyor belts would hum away in peace and harmony. In the actual world their vibrations often cause mutual interference. The *cognoscenti* are inclined to be contemptuous of Mr. Humphreys' misconceptions and he retaliates by never using the word 'scholar' without placing a 'mere' in front of it. The rift between those who know what Buddhism is and those who propagate it is a common flaw of sectarian Buddhist movements all over the capitalist world. Although I count myself among the *cognoscenti,* I agreed to

Mr. Humphreys' request, because it enabled me to add to the first anthology, which had concentrated on the philosophy of Buddhism, another anthology which would concentrate on Buddhism as a religion. Once completed, the typescript had to over-come two hurdles.

The first was Christmas himself, who had expected something quite different. After I had brought him a copy of the typescript, there was an ominous silence for a week, followed by the news that he had fallen off a ladder and had dislocated his shoulder. Because what he had found, of course, was that the scriptural record was at odds with his own description of Buddhism on many points. He also strongly objected to the word 'scriptures' in the title, because of his preconceived idea that Buddhism has no scriptures, just as it has no 'images'; the latter are, however, allowed in through the back door as long as they are called 'rupas'. He even commissioned one such *rupa,* 'a Western Buddha', from a man called Cubitt Bevis who had rented a flat in the Society's building. Instructed to create an image of the 'active and outgoing Westerner', he produced a creditable likeness of the appearance which the Lord Buddha adopted for his missionary activities among the Neanderthal tribes of the Palaeolithic. The Editor of the 'Pelican Series' also noticed that it would be self-defeating to print this anthology as evidence corroborating the account of their 'Buddhism'. So I was handed over to Penguin Classics which were then still edited by E. V. Rieu, the original founder. In 1944 he had begun a series of translations which were meant to be intelligible to the general public and written in colloquial English. This proved to be a fruitful idea in his own hands (he sold millions of his Homer translations) and in those of such a master of English prose as Robert Graves. But I, of course, was quite incapable of writing colloquial English. Considering that I switched into English only when I was twenty nine, I believe that my English style, though an artificial construct, is of a high quality, clear, vibrant and euphonious, but no one would describe it as an Englishman's English. In fact it has been a great asset to me in my lecturing career, because in the way I put them, even the most platitudinous remarks sound new and fresh. My wife tells me that I 'say everything backwards'. But even if I had been able to write

colloquial English, such popular language is unsuited to Buddhist literature. In the East, social democracy is at a discount — in daily life one has honorifics, and in religion one believes that elevated topics should be expressed in elevated language. It was very hard to convince Rieu of this, particularly because, like so many intellectuals of his generation, he felt a bitter animosity towards religion as such. I met him several times, at the Athenaeum and in Christmas' house, and in the end I prevailed, on condition that I set out my case for uncolloquial English in my 'Introduction' on pp 13-14. He was a tough character and I had never thought I could move him. In due course the book appeared in 1959. Its publication coincided with a lengthy printers' strike during which no additional copies could be produced. This lost us some of the initial momentum, but in the end we recovered and by 1975 the book had been re-printed seven times. In 1973 there was also an Italian translation.

Whatever may have been the tensions within the Christmas-Carlo-Conze triad, we were fully united in our unlimited admiration, little short of idolatry, for the person and work of D. T. Suzuki. I still remember how much I agreed with Carlo when once she pointed at Suzuki, who sat at a desk in the same room and said, 'Just look at him, all sweetness and light!' When I came to America, I found much hostility towards him among the lesser intelligentsia and was reminded of my statement that 'The spread of literacy has filled the world with minor intellectuals who regard any kind of eminence as a personal reproach and undisputed eminence as altogether unendurable'[1]. Suzuki is chiefly known for his work on Zen, which has had such an extraordinary influence. In his own life, however, he discovered Zen only fairly late and in his old age he became increasingly pre-occupied with Shin-shu. I also felt that it would be a pity if people were to forget the pioneer work he had done on the Indian Mahayana, and so Christmas Humphreys persuaded Harper Torchbooks to do an anthology of Suzuki's writings 'On Indian Mahayana Buddhism'. My typescript was sent off early in 1963 when I badly needed the money to pay for my fare to America on the 'Bremen'. For reasons unknown to me,

[1]*Thirty Years of Buddhist Studies* p.27

the book itself came out only in 1968. All I remember is that in 1964 I had a visit from Mr. van Dusen in the unbelievably noisy cafeteria of the Students' Union in Madison and that he seemed lukewarm over the book and disappointed with my personality. I contributed an Introduction of twenty nine pages, of which I was very proud at the time. When looking over it now, I feel that I specially put myself out for Suzuki and that it is a particularly bright and mature piece of work. I must obviously find some way of having it reprinted.

In addition to doing all these writings, I also gave lectures for the Buddhist Society. At one time I was even persuaded to give a private class on *Abhisamayālaṅkāra*. I had agreed to undertake it on condition that I could choose my students without having to give reasons for excluding those whom I considered unsuitable. About a dozen gifted young people joined, and we had a fine Seminar in the big room of the Library with its gigantic table. I still have the notes taken by one of the students, and they show the high level we attained for a time. But Mara, the Evil One, is ever watchful. Soon Miss Pope, Secretary of the Society, told me of complaints from long-standing influential members of the Society, who felt excluded, and told her that they never got anything in return for their subscriptions. She asked me whether I would take them in and I refused. In due course three of them turned up at the next meeting and proceeded to monopolise the discussion. I could not really physically remove them and this soon led to the Seminar being discontinued. They were what I called 'the old ladies from Kensington'. Mr. Humphreys was all the more unwilling to back me in my struggle against them, because the majority of my students belonged to 'The Dharma Group', who had then incurred his displeasure. The leading spirit of the Dharma Group was an unusually able Canadian called Richard Robinson, who studied at SOAS for his Ph.D. under Friedman, Simon and Waley. He had been greatly impressed by my typed *Prajñāpāramitā* translations, which I had sold to the IOL and to the SOAS Library and which were churned out for me by my *mohas* in the Buddhist Society and distributed on a fairly large scale. I saw much of Robinson and we became friends. This later on led to his inviting me to come as a Visiting Professor to the University of Wisconsin.

The 'Birds' and 'Buddhist Meditation'

Next I must say a few words about two miscellaneous books, i.e. 'The Buddha's Law among the Birds' (1956[1]) and 'Buddhist Meditation' (1956).

As for the first, Mr. Hill gave me one day a booklet by Henriette Meyer called 'Précieuse guirlande de la Loi des Oiseaux', and asked me whether I could make for him an illustrated English translation of it. This was a translation of a popular Tibetan work, printed for the first time in Calcutta in 1903. I succeeded in finding a copy of the original in the India Office Library, copied and typed it out and re-translated the text from the original text, leaning as much on H. Meyer as I could. Her 1953 translation had first appeared in 1937 in the Editions Hermès and now formed Volume 7 in a fine series called 'Documents Spirituels' which was edited by Jacques Masui. On my visits to Paris I had been to his flat in the Seizième Arrondissement and had come to know him as one of those members of the well-to-do bourgeoisie who are terrified of the spiritual emptiness of our scientific technological civilisation and who try to revive the spiritual tradition of mankind by their publications. His work was a French parallel to the Eranos Jahrbücher of Locarno and the Bollingen Series of Chicago, and as such, valuable and precious. In 1953 he had also published a collection of essays on 'Yoga, Science de l'Homme Integral', which I found quite impressive at the time. Later on, after 1963, he published most interesting 'Recueils de textes et d'études' for the Association 'Les Amis d'Hermès' (of which I was one of the Conseillers), under the title of 'Hermès'. In its sixth volume of 1969, he came round to Le Vide and asked me to contribute. Unfortunately, I was at that time too entangled in my bitter fights at the University of Washington at Seattle to find the time for the lengthy and definitive article on 'Emptiness' which I would have

[1]Reprinted in 1974 on Indian paper by Motilal Banarsidass — A certain Herr Otto Freiherr von Taube published, in 1957 and 1972, a German translation, with all our illustrations, as 'Tibetanisches Vogelbuch' in the Verlag der Arche, Zurich. We became aware of this publication only when my wife came across it in a book-shop in Berkeley. When asked to pay royalties, Herr von Taube refused on the grounds that he had made his translation from Mrs. Meyer's French translation and had consulted me only now and then. We must hope that he paid Masui.

loved to write and so I had to palm him off with a French translation of a passage in my introduction to 'The Selected Sayings' (pp 204-209). I have always regretted that I had to pass by this opportunity on account of a mere squabble with the State Department. Although I belong to the school of thought which says that every man has two countries, his own and La France, my work seems to have had little appeal for the French, except for a few scholars like Bareau. The Masui group made a translation of my 'Selected Sayings' and I remember going over the proofs. But in the end the result must have disappointed them, because, so far as I know, nothing was ever published. The only memento of this episode are two pages in my Stamp Album with the pretty Moroccan stamps of the 1947 to 1954 series. A few years ago, a relative of mine brought me a vast cyclostyled publication, which shows that I had made an impact on one of the sectarian Buddhist Groups in France. I refer to the Monastère de la Perfection de Sagesse, 2 Avenue des Bouleaux, Gretz 77220 Tournan. In his letters their leader, Prajñānanda, writes in 1974 on page 354: 'In our opinion the most weighty (sérieux) documents on Buddhism are the works, translations and expositions of Professor E. Conze, a very learned Buddhist who has a deep understanding of such subtle concepts as śūnyatā, tathatā, etc.'

Masui's volume on *Le Vide* illustrates the weakness of this approach. When all this vast variety of views, covering all periods of time and all regions of the earth, is added together, no-one will be made to do anything definite or concrete. In a Capitalist Society, only the rich can make their voices heard and they have one deadly disability hanging round their necks, i.e. the very wealth which enables them to speak. This is a sad paradox indeed. It was clearly perceived by the Franciscans in their hey-day, and their thought still leavens the thinking of the Latin Church. In Rome I mentioned to a Bishop that the only time I had been approached by a beggar was on the Via de la Conciliazione (in the Vatican City). He replied, 'This is to show that our holy Church is a Church of the poor'. I thought that was a very fine answer. In our days the difficulties of the rich go even deeper than they did in the days of Lao Tzu, the Buddha, the Gospels and St. Francis. For nowadays all those things that wealth can buy are the fruits of a Satanic civilisation, and with

the return of spiritual values they would vanish overnight. This inescapable conflict between modern civilisation and spiritual values was not only perceived by the Mahatma, but by the Popes in the days of Galileo and of the *Syllabus Errorum*. All history is a testimony to the fact, — the centres of spiritual contemplation have to be destroyed before progress in democracy and civilisation can start. This was clearly so in England, France, Russia and China. It is in the nature of things, and that is why there is always something sterile about the spiritual intentions of the comfortable rich, which are constantly menaced by the spectre of contemporary nihilism. If my dear friend and perpetual whipping boy, Christmas Humphreys, sums up his teachings in two words, 'Walk On!' he does not like it when I ask, 'Walk on *what?*' But nevertheless one must be thankful for small mercies, and my affection for Jacques Masui was one of the reasons why I agreed to translate this volume of the Cahiers du Sud into English.

Another was that it had a preface by J. Bacot, whom I greatly admired and whom I had visited several times in his double-glazed flat in the Quai d'Orsay. A few years before 1914, he had travelled round the earth just to see what it was like. At that time no passports were needed, and all he had to do was to take 1,000 gold francs with him. He was much older and very much more distinguished that I was, and any kind of intimacy was therefore out of the question. So I never understood what had impelled him to take up Tibetan studies. But, as you know, he was a fine and meticulous scholar and, in addition, he was the very model of a gentleman, self-controlled in every fibre of his being.

The *Bya Chos* is a popular work composed for Tibetan peasants. My highly Latinized academic English was inappropriate for rendering it into English. This poem, as distinct from most other Buddhist scriptures, had to be translated into colloquial English and that I could not possibly do. As always, the occasion produced the man. He was Peter Swann, at that time Curator of the Museum of Eastern Art in Oxford. He was the successor of William Cohn, who had however preferred the better educated Philip Rawson who had to go to Durham. There he was saved from starvation by the bounty of Gulbenkian, who built him a splendid Museum, and later by the colossal sales of his erotic publications which must

have brought him a fortune[1]. In addition Peter Swann was Editor of 'Oriental Art', for which he allowed me to write reviews fairly often between 1955 and 1965. He arranged the Oriental art of the Ashmolean most effectively, building all the glass cases and everything else with his own hands. Through Hill, who published one of his books at the time, Muriel and I were invited to stay at the house which he had then built for himself near Oxford. There we also met Freda and Guy Wint, who later on got me a Fellowship at Manchester College and cemented my relations with St. Antony's College. Guy had travelled much in Asia, was a journalist on the *Manchester Guardian,* and an authority on India. For a time we were kept apart by our views on Nehru. He admired and I despised him. After Goa, he came round to my side, though not quite, and we became friendly. Our intimacy was increased by Freda taking up Theravada Buddhism. Much could be written about them. Later on I stayed with Peter Swann for a week or two at his house, and he helped me to put my translation of the 'Birds' into acceptable English.

The illustrations to the 'Birds' were unexpectedly procured by two chance encounters. In Munich, at the International Congress, I had become friendly with a Dane called Dr. Haarh who later on visited me in London and brought me photos from a unique work on pharmacy in the Royal Library of Copenhagen. In London, in the LSOAS I did my cataloguing together with a Dr. Eichhorn, who catalogued Chinese items. He found for me a very rare Ming Encyclopaedia which was hidden away, locked up in a safe and which yielded some pleasant pictures of Tibetan birds. As Eichhorn and I sat sadly bowed over the interminable task of cataloguing book upon book, I felt that we were like two whales stranded on a beach after a violent storm.

[1]It is quite staggering how fast permissiveness has progressed over the last twenty years. *In the 50's I was asked to report to the Editor of 'Oriental Art' on an article* Ph. Rawson had submitted on 'The Erotic in Indian Art'. To my great regret I had to say that this could not possibly be published, because the text and especially some of the illustrations, would surely provoke police prosecution for obscenity. In 1971 the Arts Council of Great Britain published his book on 'Tantra', which not only prints photographs of frontally nude men, but also illustrations of most detailed and blood-curdling copulations of almost everybody with almost everybody. It puzzles me what could be the deeper significance of such a revolution. In fact, I am no less puzzled than Mrs. Mary Whitehouse, though perhaps less displeased.

He first came to my notice when, on seeing me with Muriel, he told us that he had once watched us walking in the University Park in Oxford and had never seen two people as happy as us. He was a good scholar, but his return to Germany was postponed again and again. As the years went on, his subordinate position at the SOAS made him sadder and sadder, but in the end a call to Tuebingen released him from his exile.

In my 'Buddhist Meditation' I had intended to give the basic text of Buddhaghosa for all those meditations which I had been able to practise to some extent. It has had some success and was reprinted in 1959 and 1968, and as a paperback in 1972, and by Harper Torchbooks in 1969. The reviews showed some hostility, especially because of a disparaging remark I made about that National Monument, Sir Isaac Newton[1]. In academic circles it is now usually assumed that my book has been superseded in 1962 by Vajiranana's 'Buddhist Meditation in Theory and Practice' (Colombo), though I am not quite sure that this is so. His book, however, covers more ground than mine.

'Buddhist Meditation' had been commissioned by Allen and Unwin as No. 13 of their 'Ethical and Religious Classics of East and West' at the suggestion of F. W. Thomas, one of the three Editors of that series. At the time I thought I was doing something useful. I knew by heart one half of the texts and that had enabled me to practise them in Godshill and elsewhere. Later on I found that as a result of the nefarious activities of Mr. Dewey and his 'new educationists', the younger generation in America can no longer learn anything by heart, not even five lines.

I have no doubt in my mind that the spread of the *practice* of meditation in recent years is one of the few beneficial things which have happened in my time, and that in due course it will bring forth incalculable spiritual benefits. On the usefulness of *writings* on

[1]On pp 19-20 I distinguished with Buddhaghosa two kinds of concentration, — as a spiritual virtue and as a condition of the intellect. 'Not all intellectual achievements are, however, conducive to either peace of mind or spiritual progress, When Sir Isaac Newton boiled his watch, instead of the egg his landlady had given him, he thereby showed the intensity with which he focused his mind on his intellectual task. But as a result of his intellectual labours a dark shadow has been cast over the spiritual radiance of the universe, and the celestial harmonies have become nearly inaudible ever since'.

meditation, I am now in two minds. The really valuable instruction must always be oral, since it must be concrete, adjusted to the individual, to his needs *and* to my relations with him. So a Manual on Meditation is without life, except in the hands of a skilled and disinterested spiritual guide. Moreover, our civilisation is apt to degrade all that it touches. Keen on finding some decent bread we now and then went in America into so-called 'health shops'. Alas, all that usually met our eyes were rows upon rows of glass jars full of pills made of synthetic chemicals, which were said to enshrine the 'essence' of countless vitamins, enzymes and herbal remedies. The sickly complexion of the owners of these shops and of their customers showed how much health they had derived from this muck. The same thing is apt to happen to meditation when it is just added to a life-style which remains unaltered in any way, centred as before on an unfettered pursuit of Hedonistic goals. If meditation is to have any spiritual fruits, it has to be based on a strictly disciplined ascetic life of self-denial. Wherever I have given reluctant advice on it, I have urged people to study Father Baker's *Holy Wisdom* in the Burns, Oates and Washbourne Edition of 667 pages. This has rarely been followed up.

Increasing Discontent with Classes

While all this was going on, I spent each winter in the strenuous task of earning my living with evening classes. Originally all my classes had been on psychology. I had calculated that this would last for about twenty years, because when I came to England I found that the complacent and mentally sluggish inhabitants of these Isles were, in the matter of psychology, about twenty years behind Germany and would therefore catch up with me by about 1953. This proved to be true, and after that date my classes were increasingly devoted first to philosophy and then to comparative religion. The latter especially was not entirely welcome at the headquarters of the W.E.A. and Tutorial Classes Committee, and we were all astonished that I managed to have two very successful four-year classes, one in the purely working-class district of Walthamstow and the other in the middle-class suburb of Sanderstead, near Croydon. These classes brought home to me the spiritual hunger of the bewildered denizens of the Metropolis. With

increasing experience, the classes themselves became easier and easier to do, but, on the other hand, there was the weather and the deteriorating transport to cope with. As you grow older, it becomes increasingly unpleasant to stand for long periods of time at bus-stops in the pouring rain. What was so much worse was that in the 50's there began that process of dismantling the infra-structure of a civilised life, which slowly eroded the public transport system, as it did everything else. The nervous strain increased each year. Everything became dirty and down-at-heel, unpunctuality and rudeness became the norm, and over-crowding became so appalling that no farmer in Dorset would transport his cattle under such conditions. When I first visited England in 1924 I greatly admired the train from Dover to London and thought that it was better than what we had in Germany. A week ago, someone fresh from Holland told me that British Railways at present resembled nothing so much as the trains hurtling through Zambia or Zaire. In the 50's, the half way mark in the curve of decline had just been reached. Often in the maelstrom of Victoria Station I murmured to myself, —

'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

In view of these hardships, I resolved to get out of my classes, and it will soon become apparent how this resolve became reality through a series of apparent accidents. In the meantime, however, I did much work on the Prajñāpāramitā.

The Work on Prajñāpāramitā up to 1960

For the *Version in 8,000 Lines* I had the priceless help of Max Walleser for the eleven Chapters which he had put into German in 1914. One could not have wished for a better guide to the peculiar diction of these texts. Slowly and steadily I did one chaper after the other over the years. I still remember vividly how I sat in 1946 in my gypsy caravan in Ewelme by the incandescent light of a hurricane lamp, and how I struggled with Subhuti and the Fairies in Chapter II. I remember this so clearly because I was then in utter despair about my future, and wrote a long despondent letter to my old German friend Walter Ruben. He, at the same time, dislocated from Ankara, had gone to South America, where he found that the government had assumed 'Indian' studies to refer to their local

Redskins and not to the Indian sub-continent[1]. From there he had moved on to East Berlin, where his survival, and even success, was assured by the thorough grounding in Marxist theory which I had given him in Bonn, in exchange for information about Sanskrit philosophy. Nevertheless, I struggled on, and in 1950 the translation was sufficiently complete to be retyped by the daughter of one of my students, and sent to Calcutta. There it was accepted by the Asiatic Society, on the recommendation of Prof. F. W. Thomas, who had a very great reputation in India. The printing of the book was a source of much irritation and I will just quote what I have said in 'Thirty Years' (on pp. 17-18). The translation 'is disfigured by innumerable misprints, and the occasional omission of lines must add to the reader's mystification. As with incredulous dismay I watched the bungling slowness of the Calcutta Asiatic Society which took eight years to print 225 pages of straightforward text, I reluctantly decided against entrusting them with the notes, Introduction and Indices, however necessary they might be. Their inclusion would have further postponed publication for an indefinite number of years, and much of what I had said would have become thoroughly unrecognizable.' Because the Society had not enough type, sixteen pages were set up at a time, sent all the way to London by sea-mail, sent all the way back to Calcutta by sea-mail, and so once again for the corrected proofs; after that came the turn of the next 16 pages. In the end, there was quite a kerfuffle, because there was not enough paper for all the pages of the book, and one had to wait until paper of a different quality could be procured for the remaining pages. I knew that the book appeared to have come out at last when I received one single, filthy and betel-stained copy.

I enjoy recalling these stories, not so much from a sense of grievance, as because they illustrate my fundamental Gandhian thesis about the incompatibility between the spiritual life and modern civilisation. When experience has shown that Indians are

[1]Likewise in Madison it was said that the Wisconsin government was so generous with its funds to the Indian Department because they thought they were paying conscience money for their local Winnebagos of whom a few straggling survivors still vegetated along in squalid reservations in the more inhospitable regions of that State.

more clumsy in adjusting themselves to its necessities than any other civilised nation, I attribute it to their immense fund of innate spirituality which makes them *unwilling* to conform, and which has to be worn away before the Nehrus and Krishna Menons get their own way. Their spirituality is based on the memorizing of Holy Texts, and all this printing of modern times remains suspect and is, therefore, done very badly indeed. The same process can be seen in America when one watches the difficulties encountered by visiting Indian scholars. Once, when we were having breakfast in the Henry Hudson Hotel in New York, one of them joined us at our table and after a time told my wide-eyed wife that he would now have to go up to his room and spend an hour purifying himself because he had been polluted by being with us. This constant fear of being polluted is personally awkward for them and for us, but it is not at all funny, because it shows a deep insight into the fact that they *are* surrounded by pollutants all over the place. For instance, beginning with sex, the cock-teasing proclivities of the American female are so ever-present on a campus that even American students who come back from India, where they met with modesty in dress and demeanour, believe for a few days that they have moved into a particularly gaudy brothel, in view of the ever-present provocativeness in dress and gesture. There will be more on this later. But the most acute problem is over food. It is very difficult to have Indian scholars in the house, because nearly all our food is impure to them. Once we had an Indian visitor and his family on a visit in Sherborne. Nothing we offered was right, but after a time we found that he could eat eggs. The joy did not last when he asked whether the eggs were fertilised. How could we possibly know this of eggs we had bought in a shop! His wife was willing to have a drink of orange juice. Alas, a glance at the bottle showed that it contained preservatives and so that was out, too. So when I was a Professor in America, I made it a point of never inviting a Hindu into the house, relying for this duty on the Chairman of the Department. One day, one of them gate-crashed my flat in Wisconsin and I politely explained that I had not invited him because I knew that I could not offer him any food or drink worthy of being consumed by a man of such pure spirituality. He obviously thought I was speaking ironically, and with great bravado he replied: 'I will eat or

drink whatever you eat or drink', pointing at a bottle on the table and asking me what it was. I said that it was Chateau-Neuf du Pape and, never having had alcohol before, he drank it as if it were water. The result was that he revealed to me the inmost secrets of his soul, which both astonished and embarrassed me. Much better to stick to one's guns and stand up against the beastliness all round and treat it for what it is. Like my friend Murti, who wasted himself to a shadow, whenever he came to North America to earn a dowry for his daughters. Taking pity on him, I persuaded a student of mine to take him to a Chinese restaurant where he was fed on vegetable soup without noticing the tell-tale evidence of its pork base. My greatest coup, however, was to have him invited to the Rev. Kusada's Buddhist Center in Berkeley, where he could do his own cooking, and we all thought that he would now be restored to robust health. Nothing of the kind! On inspecting the crockery, he wanted to know whether the plates had ever been used for a meat dish. The answer was that they had, but that they had always been washed up afterwards. So that did not help either, and he was back to his occasional banana. I am very glad to think that so many Hindus have so far not capitulated, although it makes it vexing to do any printing with them. In any case, their fortitude is greater than was mine when I tried to stand up for the principle that one should not use medicines obtained by vivisection or other cruel experiments on animals. Under National Health, an over-worked dentist in Slough had pulled repeatedly at a tooth without dislodging it. Since he had failed to take an X-ray, he had unwittingly disturbed an impacted wisdom tooth which duly discharged pus into the jaw. I was therefore rushed to the Canadian hospital near Cliveden to have the wisdom tooth taken out. I was in some pain and rather feverish. At about 5 o'clock the following morning, a huge black nurse stood by my bedside with what seemed to be an enormous hypodermic needle. I asked her what the needle contained, because I did not want anything which had been obtained by cruel means. To which she simply replied, 'Ask no questions and you will be told no lies!', rammed the needle into my arm, and put me into a state of drowsiness in which nothing seemed to matter any more. The Jehovah's Witnesses seem to be made of sterner stuff when it comes to their objection to blood-transfusions.

Once out, the book was well received by the scholarly world, although all reviewers complained about the misprints. In consequence, I was asked in 1970 to send in my corrections. Incapacitated by my operation I could not do so, and so the new Edition of 1970, 'reprinted with financial assistance from the Government of India' is as faulty as the old one. Although an author's copy was promised, it never reached me. Clerks in those parts of the world often embezzle the money they are given for postage. This is what held up the commemorative volume for Malalasekera. Finally I got a copy through one of my American students.

But this is not yet the end of the story. In 1972 my friend Lew Lancaster, then a Professor in Berkeley and before that a student of mine in Madison and Seattle, introduced me to a man called Donald Allen who was a publisher and head of the Four Seasons Foundation as well as being closely connected with the Zen Center of San Francisco and the poet Gary Snyder. We visited him at his secluded house in Bolinas, on the shore of the Pacific, where one can admire the night sky undisturbed by the glare emanating from San Francisco, and had a remarkable meal cooked by himself and the poet Philip Walen. He then and there agreed to bring out the P.P. in 8,000 Lines. A corrected text was ready in the form of a cyclo-styled typescript, which Richard Robinson had induced his Wisconsin Department to run off for me in 1963, and the printing was done very tastefully in 1973 by some quite fabulous new computerized process. I also added an informative and witty Preface and a List of Topics which went back to 1950, and which was tidied up for me by my student, William Powell. The book sold so well that in 1975 a reprint became necessary. For that I could draw on your article in *Indologica Taurinensia* II, 1974, 107-119 in which you had drawn attention to some of my mistakes, which I duly corrected on pages 327-329.

The verse version of the P.P. in 8,000 Lines, known as the *Ratnaguṇa,* caused me quite a disproportionate amount of trouble. The Sanskrit and Tibetan texts had been published in 1937 by E. Obermiller, a Baltic German, in the Bibliotheca Buddhica in Leningrad. Very few copies of this text had reached Europe. For just then Stalin purged Russia of everybody who might not help in

repelling the expected German assault[1]. He was particularly suspicious of the Orientalists in Leningrad. Nearly all of them were eliminated. Later on I met two of the few survivors, Prof. Pankratov in Moscow and Leningrad in 1960, and Prof. Nikolai Nikolaievic Poppe, the world's foremost Mongolist, who was later on my colleague and friend in both Seattle and Bonn. There will be more about Prof. Poppe in Parts II and III. As for Prof. Pankratov, he was spared because he happened to be in Peking at the time. He was kindly and helpful to me and I still remember him in Moscow at a party at the Embassy of Ceylon, when I held forth on my view that without a spiritual centre a Society is bound to wither away and perish. Slowly one Russian after the other stole away, because they were afraid, but Pankratov listened to the end, thrilled to think that such views could still be alive and find expression. He had a datcha and seemed to have made his peace with the authorities. He told me that he survived by doing as little as possible. In that way he could never be accused of having transgressed against the Party Line. He had a weak heart then and is sure to have died long ago; if not, then this passage would have to be cut out.

It was through you that I first heard of Obermiller's Edition. We had met in Professor Demiéville's flat in the Boulevard Raspail and there you had told me of the copy you had located in the Institut de la Civilisation Indienne. Accordingly I bought myself a little light-brown note-book in the Bon Marché, and went as often as I could

[1]I believe I remember that it was in 1926 at the 15th Congress of the CPSU that Stalin had warned the Party that they had only fifteen years before the Germans would attack. This recollection of mine looks a bit too neat for my taste and needs checking. It is, however, certain that Stalin made a remark like this, but perhaps at some other time. Yet people with deep political insight do have a remarkable gift of prophecy. It was in 1893 that Bismarck predicted that his Reich would last for only another 25 years. And it was in 1848 that Lamartine said that in a hundred years Europe would be divided between Russia and America and that England, having lost all her colonies, would have fallen into a dull, slow decay. Or, to push myself forward, it was in 1945 that I suggested that it would take until 1980 before Hitler would be rehabilitated, just as it took 25 years to rehabilitate Napoleon. And what about this prophecy, made twenty years before Hiroshima, — 'This planet would, as it did millions of years ago, speed through the ether devoid of man' if 'the Jew is victorious over the other peoples of this earth'. Was this the demented house painter himself? My quotation is taken from pages 69-70 of the 2nd Edition of *Mein Kampf,* 1930. (See Appendix 10, no. (12).) In the First Edition of 1925 Hitler said the same thing but spoke of *thousands* rather than millions of years ago. (So Ralph Manheim in the 1969 Hutchinson translation).

to that Institute to copy out reverently the Sanskrit text. Then, back in London, I copied the Tibetan from the Narthang print in the IOL. I typed out both Sanskrit and Tibetan, and added the parallel passages from the prose version in 8,000 Lines which helped with the grammatical construction of the archaic dialect in which this work is written. Then, through you, I got a photograph of the old Calcutta manuscript, and also a commission from Mouton and Company to reissue Obermiller's Edition with some corrections and a Sanskrit-Tibetan-English index. This re-issue came out in 1960, but has not been a complete success, because the only copy which I could obtain for photographing was the one in Tucci's Library. That was bound closely together with other publications and so the resulting microfilm was often hard to read. In 1958, I found a third and uncatalogued copy in the IOL. This came too late because Mouton employed for this (to them) insignificant section of their huge enterprise, a man who never replied to letters. Together with the reprint of Obermiller, I published in 1960, in the 'Indo-Iranian Journal', a list of what I took to be the most important variant readings of the Calcutta MS. This was full of mistakes. When the entire MS. was carefully edited by Dr. Akira Yuyama in 1976, he has only too often in his footnotes occasion to say 'Conze misreads'. This makes me blush. One of my excuses is that the work was done in Datchet just at a time when the jet planes had started in Heathrow and came down over a huge tree in my garden every two minutes, whenever the wind came from the East. Neither whisky, nor indignant letters to the airport authorities, could dispel the distracting effects of this filthy noise. For the rest I am constitutionally incapable of registering meaningless details correctly (that is the price of being an intuition type). Even when reading proofs I miss most of the misprints, because I automatically read not what is there, but what ought to be there. In addition, both my interest and my training in grammar leave much to be desired; weak enough on Sanskrit grammar, I just flounder when it comes to Prakrit. F. Edgerton in 1961 pounced on some of my mistakes, but because he was as weak on philosophical meaning as I was on the rules of grammar, ours was not a fruitful meeting of kindred spirits. Also I made an English translation which was finally printed by Lokesh Chandra in India in 1962 and reprinted

together with the *P.P. in 8,000 Lines* in 1973 and 1975. Generally speaking, the commercial competence of my ancestors has been little to the fore in my life. But on this occasion it seems to have worked well. The Mr. Dikshit of Bombay owed me, even according to his own accounts, quite a number of rupees, which, however, he claimed could not be transferred to England because of exchange restrictions. So I asked Lokesh Chandra to reprint and bind 100 extra copies of my *Ratnaguṇa* translation, which I then sold through Luzac's of London. Then I asked Dikshit to pay Lokesh Chandra with the money he owed me. He yowled like a scalded cat, but in the end he paid up. The only other example of commercial gifts goes back to my childhood. Both my younger brother Wolf and I had accumulated quite a number of small silver coins, — 50 *Pfennige,* corresponding to the English sixpence — and small copper coins i.e. single *pfennige.* At one point I persuaded my brother Wolf to give me three silver coins for one copper one on the ground that gold is so much more valuable than silver. At a profit of 150 for an outlay of one, this should rouse envy in the heart of any capitalist. The treachery came to light when Wolf told my mother that Eberhard had been so very kind as to make this exchange which showed a genuine desire for self-sacrifice. There was a tremendous rumpus over this, and my mother was confirmed in her belief that I harboured a quite excessive amount of original sin. As for my brother, I suppose that the shock set him on the path of becoming an unusually competent and circumspect business man, *Kaufmann* in German.

At the same time I pressed on with the Large Sutra. The first part could be done from printed sources, and as soon as the translation was ready, a Jewish-American financier emerged out of the blue and offered to pay for its printing. More about him later. Accordingly Luzac's had it printed in Newport by the printers who then worked for 'The Middle Way', and we did the printing in the sumptuous manner in which Balzac used to have his novels printed. The first proofs were sent to both you and Miss Horner, who wrote ample corrections in the margins, and then the entire text was reset, — a procedure rarely adopted in modern times. The book came out in 1961. If I remember rightly, 5,000 copies were printed and it took ten years to sell them.

Things were much more difficult with Parts II and III, which existed only in manuscript in Cambridge in the collection that Bendall had assembled in Nepal in the 80's of the 19th century. For some stretches I worked on negative photostats, but these were very hard on the eyes, and so the only way to copy out the 300 or so leaves of the MS. was to go to Cambridge, where I accordingly spent many happy weeks in the beautiful American-built University Library.

In spite of the East winds which now and then blow from the Fens and which both dull and debilitate, Cambridge at that time was still one of the most pleasant places in England, with its colleges, book-shops, restaurants, theatres and cinemas. In these agreeable surroundings and with the help of many[1], I managed by about 1961 to copy out the entire text of the unpublished part of the revised version in 25,000 Lines, to compare it with the Tibetan and to type it out neatly. It has grieved me for many years that this labour of love has never been printed. Now also this problem is being solved, since, from 1971 onwards, Takayasu Kimura has begun to print a reliable edition of the text in *Taishō Daigaku Kenkyū Kiyō* No. 56 sq. From the text, which I had imperfectly copied out in Cambridge, I made an English translation which I had multiplied by my *mohas* from the Buddhist Society. In 1964 when I had received a fabulous amount of money from the University of Wisconsin, I used some of it to have 100 lithographed copies of this translation reproduced by a firm called Selix (according to the owner originally Selig). I had been worried about the countless mistakes if it were re-typed on the stencils by some girl, unfamiliar with the *prajñāpāramitā*. There was no need to do so. They found a young blonde of nineteen who had just come from the depths of the countryside and who did the entire 558 pages with but one single mistake by 'touch-typing', i.e. ignoring the contents altogether. Carried away by my gratitude, I bought her a gold trinket for fifteen dollars. This was a mistake, because it was generally assumed, not least by her, that this was a bid to get her

[1]One of these was Sir Harold Bailey, of Queen's College, a pure scholar and the world's greatest authority on Khotanese. He is worth mentioning, because everyone spoke well of him and he seemed to have no enemies at all. This takes some doing in a University town.

into bed. I regarded this imputation as an aspersion[1], less of my morals than of my judgment. Liaisons between old men and young women became increasingly common in America just then. The classical case was Judge Douglas[2] of the Supreme Court, who, to the indignation of his Conservative enemies, married Cathy, a secretary who might well have been his grand-daughter. What irked me was that my libido has invariably obeyed the injunctions of the Oedipus complex, i.e. I have always gone for small, dark-haired women who give the impression of being intelligent. To these mother-substitutes I then transfer *all* the sentiments, mostly negative, which I feel for my dear mother, with the result that disharmony soon takes over. Such relationships have therefore usually been short-lived. If I have managed to stay with my Muriel for twenty-nine years, it is only because in this case it was she who chose me, while I allowed things to go their own way. In consequence it is she who is landed with the Oedipus, and whenever she feels particularly aggravated, she dwells on the similarity she discerns between my own despicable attitude and conduct and that of her father.

While this work went on, I was amazed at the incredible trouble which the College Printing and Typing Company of Madison, Wisconsin took to meet my every wish, and thus I witnessed at first hand the moral basis of American commercial success, and of the corresponding decline of England's share in world trade.

[1]Muriel just reminds me of the commotion this little necklace caused at the time. Mr. Selix and Richard Robinson leered knowingly; the two Senior Secretaries of the Department separately took it upon themselves to dissuade me; all the girls gave me up for lost; and Muriel herself felt some jealousy. Mankind dismays me!

[2]Judge Douglas decided in 1964 (380 U.S.) that American Buddhists could become conscientious objectors. Up to then they could not do so, because they were held to have no belief in a Supreme Being, Buddhism being not a religion but an atheistic philosophy. Quoting my 'Buddhism' book (pp. 39-40) as the supreme authority, he concluded that Buddhism had been misunderstood. In 1960 I rescued many Buddhist images from the Museum of the History of Religion and Atheism of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences (formerly the Kazan Cathedral) in Leningrad, where they were subjected to the kind of coarse abuse which may be more deserved in the case of the Czarist Church. Later on, I discussed some details of this transaction with an official in the Academy of Sciences, and asked him, in passing, whether this concession to the feelings of the Buddhists of Asia had not involved a slight sacrifice of Marxist principle. He replied that this was not so because everyone knew that Buddhism is not a religion, but an atheistic philosophy. So when in future I was asked in my classes whether Buddhism is a religion or a philosophy, I could only reply, — that depends on where you are, whether in Washington or Moscow.

Luzac's sold my one hundred copies quite soon, and in Seattle in 1966 I produced another one hundred copies, correcting some short-comings in scholarship, using a little shop run by two old ladies on University Avenue, who again showed a most admirable concern for accuracy and precision. Later on, when I was a Professor in Berkeley, Professor Lancaster introduced me to the University of California Press, which published in 1975 my 700-page 'Large Sutra'. Like everything else the preparation of this edition had to surmount many difficulties, but it would be tedious to go over them in detail.

Side by side with this went the work on the *Version in 18,000 Lines,* of which I spoke before in connection with the ISMEO.

I append a brief survey of my further work on *prajñāpāramitā* just to show where my heart was in those years. In 1947 F. W. Thomas showed me an Indian manuscript brough back from Tun-huang by Sir Aurel Stein and now in the IOL. This was written in the Gupta script, which I slowly learned to read, and I described the MS. in the JRAS, demonstrating that Hoernle had misread the figures on the leaves, and showing how the 69 folios should be arranged. This is an exceptionally beautiful MS. With the help of Miss Avril Thompson (and the British tax-payer) I had it later restored to its pristine beauty by means of an American process, which rubs charcoal into the areas occupied by the script. It can now be seen in three special green boxes with golden letters. The knowledge of this script later on enabled me to arrange the Gilgit MS. of the P.P. for Lokesh Chandra when he decided to reproduce it in facsimile. Furthermore, I published two important articles, — one of the *Heart Sutra* in the JRAS in 1948, and one on the *Version in 8,000 Lines* in the BSOAS in 1952. In Cambridge, Prof. Bailey had generously helped me with the decipherment of a Central Asian MS. of a short P.P. text, and this was one of the sources of a survey of 'Tantric P.P. Texts' published in the Liebenthal Festschrift of 1956, with the vast crop of misprints usual in India. In addition at the suggestion of Prof. Charles A. Moore of Hawaii (he came to Oxford quite a lot) I dealt with the *philosophy* of the P.P. in 1953; about the *iconography* I had written, at William Cohn's suggestion, in *Oriental Art* 1949 and 1951. In 1960 I managed to publish two general surveys of the subject.

(1) Mouton in Holland brought out, at your suggestion, 'The P.P. Literature'. The one thousand copies printed were sold out by 1972. Over the years I have prepared a corrected copy brought up to date which I hawked about like sour beer in Japan, Germany and the U.S.A. Help came in 1977 when Dr. Akira Yuyama, the energetic new Director of the Reiyukai Library at Tokyo visited us once again in Sherborne. As a result a second edition, Revised and Enlarged, appeared at the end of 1978 in 3,000 copies as volume I of the Bibliographia Buddhica, Series Major, of the Reiyukai Library. Since we had not fewer than five successive proofs, the printing ought to be nearly perfect. As an Appendix (pp. 127-138) Dr. Yuyama has added a List of my 62 publications on P.P. and for the books he has made a first effort at garnering the reviews they have had. Normally I receive no payment for a purely scholarly publication, and the royalties of 900,000 yen were a welcome innovation providentially arriving for Muriel's second hip replacement which had to be done privately. For much of my life I have had a mild sentimental attachment to Japan. My father had a fine collection of Ukiyo-e prints which puzzled me greatly and gave me much food for thought. Admiral Togo and the conquest of Port Arthur had aroused my admiration as a boy, and for a time I fancied myself as a dashing, fearless and tight-lipped commander of a torpedo boat. Banzai! My enthusiasm for the refinements of Japanese art has outlasted these boyish fancies. The Mikado was my favourite among the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and later on I relished Arthur Waley writhing with indignation when he told me how his taut soul had been wounded by a society lady sweetly telling him, 'as a famous Japanese scholar, Dr. Waley, you surely never miss a performance of the Mikado!' In 1945, after the defeat of Germany, I wanted Japan to remain undefeated. At home I introduced 'Dai Nippon' as a daily greeting. Dorothea showed her fundamental lack of sympathy with my aspirations by replying with a resounding 'Nippon Die!' On the leaflet which advertises my new 'P.P. Literature' I noticed a sentence which says, 'Payable in Japanese yen only, no other currency accepted'. I could not forbear congratulating Dr. Yuyama on his people being able to spurn the almighty dollar so soon after the Americans had burned down their houses.

(2) For the Suzuki Festschrift I published an article on 'The Development of P.P. Thought'. In this way by 1960 the Prajñāpāramitā had been well launched. The *Dictionary* was still very fragmentary, and more than ten years were to elapse before the full text of the *Large Sutra* had been copied out and translated. After 1960 both my reputation and my financial clout increased sufficiently to enable me to make more and more of this literature known to the English-speaking public.

Providence provides three large Gifts

As I have said before, my classes became an increasing strain to me, and I longed to be rid of them. I developed headaches, migraine and neuralgia, and had to be investigated at the Hospital for Nervous Disorders in London. No clearly defined diagnosis or treatment emerged. What rescued me from my difficulty was a series of three unconnected and unexpected gifts, all three coming from uncongenial sources which made me feel awkward.

(1) The first was a person of whom I disapproved so much that, for this SAGA, I had to be reminded of his name, which was Gruber — Peter Gruber, founder and head of Oriental Studies Foundation Inc. — 54 Wall Street, New York. The outward signs of a good Buddhist are a calm demeanour, serene countenance, graceful walk, and good complexion. Mr. Gruber showed none of these. When he offered to pay for the printing of the first part of my 'Large Sutra on Perfect Wisdom', I could see no motive why he should want to do so, and felt neither gratitude nor firm expectation. So little did I trust this matter that I only reluctantly agreed to meet him in the Russell Hotel in Russell Square and gave him no more time than is needed to consume a whisky in a leisurely manner. At the end of our meeting, he had signed a contract which tied him down hand and foot and I can still see no reason, except karma, why he should have done so. What is more, he kept each one of the clauses of this contract in the most honorable way.

When he went back to the States, he became acquainted with a Chinese Buddhist called Garma Chen-chi Chang. Chang treated our benefactor as a 'Brother-in-the-Dharma' and taught him meditation. As a result the Foundation helped Chang to bring out

his translation of 'The hundred thousand Songs of Milarepa' in two splendidly produced volumes (1962: repr. 1977). Since you were involved in the controversy, you will know that opinions differ about its scholarly value[1]. Years later I met Chang and the financier in Prof. Lancaster's house in Berkeley, and I was a bit uneasy that I still felt unfriendly towards the man who gave me all this money, and disinclined to do anything for him in return for his help. Some time ago I rang up the Buddhist Society in London and my old friend Pat Wilkinson[2] told me that Gruber appeared to have died. I then realised that it was now definitely too late to do something for him. As a devout Buddhist I regard ingratitude as a fault, and I will return to the subject in Chapter 1 of PART III.

(2) More extraordinary still was the source of the second gift. By then we were living in the Beehive Manor in Cox Green near Maidenhead. One evening the 'phone rang. On the line there was a man by the name of H. J. Newlin, of Little Potala in Crowborough, Sussex, who described himself as a Director of the Aerospray Company. He had heard of me from Christmas Humphreys at the Buddhist Society and he wanted to give me a thousand pounds for writing a book on Buddhist philosophy. Since this was exactly what I had planned to do next, I was interested. I naturally asked him what he expected me to do in return. He told me that he had written a book on Science and Buddhism, proving their total agreement on every point, and that he wanted me to give him my opinion on this. He went on to tell me of a charitable Buddhist Foundation he intended to set up, and of which he wanted me to be a Trustee. This seemed innocuous, but I asked him

[1]A review by D. L. Snellgrove (*Asia Major* x, 1963, 302-310) tried to show in some detail that Chang's 'translation is all too often evasive and sometimes quite incorrect', and guessed correctly that 'Mr. Chang seems to have worked with no background knowledge of Sanskrit'. A long reply by Prof. J. W. de Jong in *IIJ* x, 1967 204-212 speaks in his defence. The debate is bound up with the question how far modern Europeans understand Tibetan that is not translated from the Sanskrit, on which I will comment in connection with the Dezhung Rinpoche in Seattle.

[2]My talk with her made me realise how one-sided these auto-biographies really are. She obviously belongs to the salt of the earth and yet, except for this chance, she would never have been mentioned. And there are many like her whom I have known. They have played in my life a role at least as important as the ones I rave about.

who the other Trustees were. He mentioned himself, and a young nephew of his. I pointed out that I would be in a perpetual minority of one, and would be associating my name with activities over which I had no control. So would it not be better to enlarge the number of Trustees to five, adding Christmas Humphreys and one other person? An argument developed and we both became angry. He sounded increasingly like a Midland business man who had belatedly come to think of his soul, and I became more and more sarcastic all the time. In the end I told him to go to hell and banged down the 'phone. As Muriel put it, 'That is a nice way of spending a thousand pounds'. Two days later there arrived a cheque for £1,000, and an invitation for lunch at the B.R. hotel which is attached to Victoria Station. In its sumptuous surroundings we were given a measly meal, badly cooked and badly served, which went some way towards explaining the huge deficits of British Railways. We tried to accommodate ourselves to one another, and since he died some years ago, I can no longer ask him to tell us what he thought of me. I encouraged him to explain to me his views on the relation between Science and Buddhism, found that he was a totally uneducated person who had made his money by initiating the Unit Trust movement, and concluded that his book was likely to be so horrible that I excused myself, and claimed that pressure of work prevented me from looking at it for two or three months at least. I never saw him again. As soon as 'Buddhist Thought in India' appeared I sent him a complimentary copy with a friendly inscription. If my files can be believed he never acknowledged it.

Before he died, he made several abortive attempts to leave his money to Buddhism. He tried the Buddhist Society, but quit in disgust at what seemed to him the tactless way in which Christmas Humphreys ordered him about. In spite of his infatuation with Science he craved to obtain the supernormal powers, or *Iddhis,* and in 1959 went to India to bestow his money upon the Dalai Lama. Nothing came of this either. Rumour has it that he caused some offence in Dharamsala. The letters I have kept from him show that he lived in a state of perpetual fluster. In 1961 to 1962 he apparently gave £25,000 to a Theravada Organisation, thereby causing great trouble, partly because he had not paid his income tax

and partly because the recipients quarrelled about the use to which the money should be put.

It is an indication of both my indifference to money and of the fallibility of human memory[1] that until lately I believed that Newlin had, like the other two, given me a thousand pounds. A short time ago I found, however, in my files, a piece of paper which suggests that he actually gave me in 1961 something like £2,100. 6s. 11d. as a free gift. That would, of course, have gone much further. I liked him better than Gruber but could never make him out. Where did he come from, and who sent him?

(3) The third gift came from St. Antony's College in Oxford. That College had been founded after the War with a gift of two million pounds from a French millionaire. It was associated both with All Souls (the citadel of Imperialism) and the Foreign Office. My connection with it went back to the middle fifties when G. F. Hudson suggested that I should be appointed as a Research Fellow for, I think, a year. Accordingly I travelled to the College on a bitterly cold February day, and since I was an hour early, made an effort to find out what it stood for. It did not take me long to discover that it was purely devoted to the Cold War. G. F. Hudson, who had once written a fine book on 'Europe and China', now spent his time writing alarmist articles about the warlike intentions of the People's Republic. There were various Russian refugees. One of them liked to go to International Conferences and make a row by asserting not only that Lenin took money from the German General Staff (which is perfectly true), but that he was acting as a German spy (which is not)[2]. Another one wrote a book proving that the Whites should have won the Civil War, but somehow didn't. A certain Max Hayward earned his money by translating Russian literary manuscripts inconvenient to the Soviet Union, and so one

[1]This also affects personal names. In my first recollection Bentley had become 'Bennett', Westerling, 'Westergaard' and Bammel, 'Lampe'. Much of this has been weeded out, but it is unlikely that all mistakes have been spotted.

[2]As an example of the tasteless absurdities of this person, I quote G. Katkow, *The Trial of Bukharin*, 1969, p.184, where he speaks 'of the millions more Soviet citizens who greeted the German invaders with bread and salt as their liberators'. If each one of these millions had given only a pinch of salt one wonders where they got all this salt from and what the Germans did with it when they got it. One sees train-loads upon trainloads steaming westwards from Moscow, loaded with grain and salt, so as to enable these millions to greet their Nazi deliverers worthily.

could go on. By the time we came round to the interview in which I faced about twenty or so Fellows, I was no longer very keen on this Fellowship. The discussion soon became disharmonious. Someone asked me about the Chinese offshore islands, which at that time agitated the Free World. During the discussion I referred to Chiang Kai-shek as a 'bandit', and that probably settled my hash. The whole thing looked like a bare-faced attempt to buy up cheaply my considerable knowledge of the Communist movement and use it against that movement. I was relieved when I heard that the majority of the Fellows had turned me down, and thought no more about it.

All the greater was my surprise, when one day in Cox Green I got a letter from G. F. Hudson offering me £1,000 for writing a book on Buddhist Philosophy. I enquired through my friends in Oxford whether there were any conditions. It was just a free gift, contradicting a contemporary American, who stated that the first thing you have to know about life is that there is no such thing as a free lunch. Later on I found out that this was money from the Ford Foundation, and it was thus a precursor of later attempts on the part of the State Department and other like-minded organisations to use my expertise for the nefarious purposes of American Imperialism in Asia, about which we will hear more later on. This money finally enabled me to give up my classes and to work full time on 'Buddhist Thought in India'. When that came out I gave a copy, with a fulsome inscription, to the College. It caused little pleasure there and G. F. Hudson's only comment was that 'if you insist on trailing your coat, you cannot be surprised if people tread on it'. In spite of this, my relations with St. Antony's continued to be amicable for some years. I had some kind of 'dining rights' and spent many evenings in the Senior Common Room. My contacts only ceased when I went to America. At about the same time they got their new building in which I have been only once.

Moves to Datchet, Cox Green and Sherborne

I have recorded before how I was driven out of Notting Hill by the blacks. I moved on to Datchet, Bucks, only to be driven out within a year by the jet planes. We had made the move with great

hopes. We took over a spacious furnished flat in a fine country house divided into three flats and with a large garden, the River Thames flowing just outside. Datchet was then still a rural village, with a village green, friendly pubs, a neat tea shop, a good doctor and market gardens for fresh vegetables. It was also quite near London by rail. Nearby was Windsor, which could be reached on a quaint railway built for Queen Victoria, or on foot, and which had a theatre, interesting book-shops and splendid walks in the Great Park. Perfect accommodation has always eluded my grasp, and the first disappointment was that we were not given the promised top flat, but the one underneath. This exposed us to the tyranny of the radio and television of the people above. Ever since the radio was introduced in the early twenties, I have hated it with all my heart and all my soul. How many of my ideas have been still-born because of the constant row, not to mention the traffic! I once congratulated Dr. Diederichs on having no television in South Africa, because it was nothing but a device for turning imbeciles into morons. Alas a few months later, his Government also gave in to the 'Will of the People' and introduced this inducement to futility. The intellectual life of the nation has been crushed by these devices, which have clipped the wings of the creators and dulled the receptivity of their audience. The noisy intrusion from the flat above was however only the usual nuisance, but my heart stood still when, a few weeks later, the first jet planes appeared. In the meantime it is admitted that they have come to sterilize the lives of 500,000 people in the Heathrow area. We were the first to get it. Datchet suffered particularly badly, because the American pilots liked to fly low over Windsor Castle to show their customers where the Queen lives. Life soon became totally unbearable and we could think of nothing else except to get away.

Still tied to my classes, I had, however, to keep within easy travelling distance of Central London. Through an estate agent we secured the top flat in The Beehive Manor, a classy 17th Century house in a tiny place called Cox Green, near Maidenhead. We even had a resident gardener-handyman called Plummer, who lived on the estate in a wooden hut which had a wasp's nest in its roof, though even in summer he did not seem to mind it at all. His only friend was an ugly flat-backed, matty-haired dog who died from

old age while we were there. We all wept with him, and Muriel and I bought him a gravestone for it. The house belonged to a rich Austrian widow who wintered in Monte Carlo. Three days after we had moved in, she called me in to see her and gave me a stern lecture. My then wife had sent a private detective into Cox Green who had told everyone within reach that Muriel and I were not married. In 1959 such a thing was more unusual than it is now, but she let me off with a warning. Not so the people next door, who ran a chicken farm and who refused to sell eggs or their battery hens to people as immoral as us. The people in the flat underneath were all right at first. When they left we got G.I.'s from a nearby air station, who were noisy, cooked oniony food at 1 a.m. and shook the house by mating collectively with painted tarts they had picked up in Maidenhead. As the jets became more frequent and powerful, we were also increasingly disturbed by their whine, not to mention a small local aerodrome from which issued hundreds of planes practising low over the house. Even on the ground, the rustic peace disintegrated on all sides at once. In the South a gigantic road programme was being carried out. In the North, there was a huge settlement of slum dwellers from London. They overcrowded Maidenhead everywhere. Shopping became burdensome, and a doctor normally gave you three minutes — you stated your ailment, he wrote his prescription while you talked, rang a bell and asked you to come back in a fortnight if you were not better. The move away from their long-standing traditions in the East End of London had not improved the behaviour of these people, and it was painful to rub shoulders with so many of them in the buses to and from Maidenhead. When I came back from Moscow, I felt it was most disloyal of me to think that, compared with their Russian counterparts, they all looked like Duchesses. What, however, gave us the *coup de grâce* were developments in the East. There, next to our fence, was a large orchard and within it a building which had been taken over by British Filters Ltd., a chemical firm, as a laboratory eighteen years before. That gave us no trouble except for a high-pitched whine. They had asked for planning permission to build an 'office block' and 'storage facilities', and decision on that had been postponed again and again, because, of course, the 'noise and nuisance' involved would totally alter the character of

what up to then was a 'residential area'. In the end they won, and on the very morning of the 10th of December, 1960, when our car drove us to Sherborne, the bulldozers moved in and tore up the trees in the orchard. That was a close shave.

How then did we get to Sherborne in Dorset? Through Muriel's oldest sister, whom we had often visited in her fine Manor House at Martock, Somerset, and who had then moved on to Sherborne. There she looked out for a house for us and after two failures she found the one in which we have lived now for eighteen years. We bought it for £2,500 from a 'boilermaker's mate'. It was then called 'Runnymede'. We re-named it 'Foxwell' partly because there was another 'Runnymede' further down in the town. The 'Fox' comes from my being known as Dr. Foxie and from an alleged ancestor picture of 1542 which shows a lady called Reynard with a rosary. The '— Well' comes from the saying of Demokritos, — That Truth lies at the bottom of a well. We did not then know that Foxwell is also a West Country name and when during our absence in America a man by that name, also in Marston Road, advertised a wish to sell his furniture, only the vigilance of our neighbour saved us from damage. We had very little money, and had to borrow heavily from Muriel's sister. The house itself had great disadvantages. It was in a poor condition, and faced not only North-East, but a busy road which our builder to our dismay soon described as 'one of the better roads to Bristol.' When we had been in America we acquired sufficient money to keep out the cold and noise with double glazing and with fibreglass in the roof. Outwardly the house is distinctly unimpressive. An old friend of ours, a Solicitor's wife, told me, 'I do not understand how a man of your eminence and distinction, my dear Edward, could want to live in a characterless little house like this.' To which I could only reply, 'All we can do, my dear Daisy, is to rely for distinction on the people who live in it.' The inconspicuousness of the house also responded to something in my upbringing. When my brother, a wealthy manufacturer, built himself a house after the War, he saw to it that it was 'the smallest house in Luedenscheid', and as such it appeared in an architectural journal. It was not that he had no money, but we had learned from early youth onwards to shun ostentation and not to have anything that is not strictly functional.

In 1960 Sherborne had still many amenities which London had lost years ago, and we felt transported back in time by twenty or thirty years. The local Post Office plays an important part in my life, and I was struck by the calm courtesy of the Sherborne counter clerks compared with the flustered hustle and bustle one had to endure in Notting Hill Gate. Now, eighteen years later, the staff of the Sherborne Post Office is notorious throughout the town for its rudeness. The reason is that Sherborne has become overcrowded: in 1960 it had 7,200 inhabitants and we were told that this was the optimum and there would be no more. This promise was broken and through 'infilling' and the building of new estates the population has grown so much that it presses hard on the existing facilities. A great number of people have moved in who might just as well live elsewhere. Opposite us lives a retired farmer's wife, now nearly eighty. A year ago I ran into her when she had just come back from shopping in Cheap Street, all hot and bothered from the annoyances she had had. As she told me, 'It is amazing what kind of riff raff we have to put up with nowadays. These people are as common as dirt.' Now all that is needed is the discovery of oil in this part of Dorset and we will have to move again. This would be sad, because Sherborne has many good points, but it means of course that one is cut off from all intellectual company, good libraries and cultural stimulation and condemned to vegetate, unless one travels a great deal. This is, in fact, what we did for thirteen years.

'Buddhist Thought in India'

The immediate purpose of the move to Sherborne was to write my book on Buddhist philosophy. The gestation of this goes back to 1925 when, with some difficulty, I managed to get in Kiel a copy of Berriedale Keith's 'Buddhist Philosophy in India and Ceylon', 1923. I immediately felt that this was a positively libellous way of dealing with Buddhist thinking, since it treated all Buddhist thinkers as a lot of failed B.A.'s. As a typical exponent of Imperialist conceit, this striped-trousered sage from Edinburgh did scant justice to its profundity. By 1960, I had thought about the subject for thirty-five years and had accumulated copious notes, first in connection with 'Contradiction and Reality', then as a

background to meditational exercises. After writing out a rough sketch of the text, I made myself compose and type out each day ten pages of typescript until the book was complete. After that there was some dispute with Philip Unwin about the literary references which, in spite of my protest, were placed at the end in such a way that no-one can ever find anything. The work left me completely exhausted. We went to Holland for a holiday on which everything went wrong. Though we went first class, the compartment was filled with package-tour people from Clapham who had second class tickets, but were tolerated by the conductor in spite of our black looks. The hotel in Delft was run down and full of Yankees putting on their radios full blast at night. Leyden and The Hague had changed their character and were swarming with industrialized mankind. I recalled Prof. J. P. H. Vogel's warning in 1950 that Holland had either to keep her colonies or to industrialize fast, and that therefore something was to be said even for Westerling's brutish banditries in West Java. I had put all I had into this book and still view it as my greatest achievement. Few seem to agree with me. Both you and Prof. Liebenthal have dismissed it as a piece of propaganda[1]. Only Prof. L. Schmithausen, now in Hamburg, seems to have understood its significance[2], in that I treat of the philosophy as a rationalisation of facets of the spiritual life disclosed in the practice of disciplined meditation. When the hard-back edition was sold out in England a few years ago, Allen and Unwin refused to reprint. Through the Ann Arbor paper-back of 1967 it is still being widely diffused, and may do its work secretly and in silence. To my intense fury this American paper-back can, for reasons connected with discount rates, not be sold in Europe, while a European re-issue of the hard-back edition is not feasible without access to the American market.

With 'Buddhist Thought in India', I had written myself out, and I decided to look around for some academic appointment in Buddhist studies. Once I had, at the instigation of Prof. Basham, applied for Friedman's job at the SOAS. Not only had I Brough against me, but the Vice chancellor vetoed the appointment on the

[1]*IIJ* x, 1967, 215-217 — *Monumenta Serica* 22, 1963, 543-547
[2]'Spirituelle Praxis und Philosophische Theorie im Buddhismus', *Zeitschrift für Missionswissenschaft und Religionswissenschaft,* 1973, 161-186.

ground that, coming in so late, I would upset the Pension Scheme of the University of London. When I was in Moscow, Roerich had just died suddenly from a heart attack. There was no else, and so there was some talk of my trying to take his place for a year. I got on fairly well, was promised that I could teach in English and German, extracted a datcha and the promise that I would be based on Leningrad, which I found exhilarating, and not on Moscow, which depressed me. Then one day I had the following conversation with a high official: — 'You will, of course, understand, Dr. Conze, that we expect you to treat of Buddhism not as a religious philosophy, but as an aspect of the social life of the peoples of Asia'. — 'Who, then, will decide whether in any give instance I treat of Buddhism as a religious philosophy?' — 'I am afraid that it is we who will have to decide that.' Whereupon I saw before me the salt mines of Siberia. For the first time it then occurred to me that the United States might be preferable.

It has always been my belief that competing social systems and ideologies are likely to converge, and seven years later the Chairman of my Department at the University of Washington spoke to me in almost exactly the same words. 'My dear Ed, we do not pay you all this money so that you can indoctrinate our students with the nebulosities of Buddhist philosophy. What we expected of you was to treat Buddhism as an aspect of the social life of the peoples of Asia and to tell us what makes Buddhists so obstinately unprogressive, so that they do not see how much they would have to gain from co-operating with us.' It was the same Aquarian Age at work on both occasions.

Four decisive Events in 1962

The next landmark was the move to Wisconsin as a 'Distinguished Visiting Professor of Buddhist Studies' in 1963. Before we come to that, I must however, mention four events which took place in 1962.

(1) The first was a visit to our house of a Tibetan Lama, Sangye Tensing. We live in a small cottage and there is little room for visitors who stay for any length of time. Nevertheless, I wished not only to show goodwill to the Lamas whom David Snellgrove had brought to England, but hoped also to have an opportunity to learn

how to speak Tibetan. In this I did not succeed. I was nearly sixty and my mind had lost much of its elasticity. For many years I had been able to read quite fluently the Tibetan translations of Sanskrit Buddhist texts which enable us to correct corrupt manuscripts, and F. W. Thomas, in particular, had always admonished me to pay special attention to the prefixed consonants. There had been no need to learn how to pronounce the language because there was no one to talk to. But now that tens of thousands of refugees had been driven from their homeland, there was some point in learning how to converse with them, so that one could profit from one of the finest wisdom traditions the world has ever seen. We took down recitations of well-known sutras on tape and I played them back again and again. There was no progress. Later on, in Seattle, I joined Geshela's well-conducted class on spoken Tibetan and brooded over the teaching material set out in ultra-scientific phonetic script. Again no progress at all. This has been a defeat which has distressed me very much.

Sangye was a Gelugpa who was at the same time a Bon, something which we would have considered impossible. After a few weeks we had to part with him, because our divorce case had suddenly come up in London and we handed him on to a Buddhist Mathematics teacher in nearby Bruton. Some years later, I saw him again at a function at the SOAS. He had, by that time, settled down to a responsible post in Dharamsala in the retinue of H.H. the Dalai Lama. He was a man of remarkable purity, innocence and non-assertiveness. Coming straight from the Stone Age, he was magnificently unprepared for the 20th Century. This became strikingly obvious when a friend of mine showed us over the local Public School. My friend was a teacher of physics and Sangye wanted to know what 'physics' is. I replied: *'Gzugs-Kyi Rig-Pa'* (the Science of Matter), though I realized at once that that might also cover Chemistry and many other things. In 1973, a certain T. G. Dhongthog sent me a copy of his 'The New Light English-Tibetan Dictionary', in which he gives *Dṅos-Khams-Kyi Rig-Pa*. His entire dictionary shows that he is thoroughly baffled throughout by our terminology, which in most cases meant nothing to him. Likewise I saw that there was no way of making clear to Sangye what we meant by physics, chemistry, biology, crystallography or

anything of that kind. He tried hard to understand our ways of doing things and even insisted on going shopping for us. Unfortunately, at that time, there was a scare about Pakistanis carrying smallpox throughout the land, and so when he walked in his flowing robe down Cheap Street, our one and only shopping street, he spread terror wherever he went.

(2) Secondly my divorce case was decided in London, against me. The divorce laws at that time were still those shaped by the Church of England. That Church owes its very existence to its granting a divorce to a particularly brutish monarch, and ever since the days of Henry VIII, its founder, it has had only two firm convictions or lines of action, i.e. (i) to bolster up the British upper classes and (ii) to make divorce as difficult and dirty as possible. In consequence somebody had to be guilty, and adultery was a hallmark of that guilt. My solicitor pleaded that I should be released from my bondage since I had not lived with Dorothea for so many years. Yes, we were told, but when you ceased living with her, you at once started an adulterous union with Muriel Green, and that makes you the guilty party, and so Dorothea has no need to forgive you for that. My dear Dorothea had submitted also a huge bundle of letters I had written to her from Godshill, which not only contained many pertinent astrological observations (they greatly puzzled his Lordship the Judge!), but also a number of typical Piscine jokes like the suggestion that Queenie (my then girl friend), Dorothea and I should live together in Oxford. It was a feast day for moral indignation at my expense. Through Christmas Humphreys I had got in James Waterhouse a capable solicitor who had the bold idea to claim that Dorothea had no reason to take exception to my liaison with Muriel, because countless adulteries before should have habituated her to having a husband who normally strayed from the straight and narrow. On April 11th, 1962, all the national newspapers were full of this: 'Five Women in the Life of a Buddhist'. 'Said the Judge: 'Mr. Conze was a man of high intelligence, but he was sometimes lacking in emotional self-discipline'.' I was described as 'bespectacled', 'middle-aged', 'German born', and 'a man of high intellectual capacity'. The women were cut down to Vera, Queenie, Mary, and Muriel Green who 'has changed her name to his', and it was abundantly proved

that he had committed adultery with her'. It appeared that my wild adulterous spree began with Vera in 1937, and ended with Muriel in 1948. In each case my wife forgave me, but when we came to Mary in 1944, 'although his wife forgave him she did not forget, said the Judge.'[1] When finally we got to Muriel, my first wife's patience had been so much used up that she was now entitled to deny me the chance of marrying her, and all my cuttings contained this priceless sentence, 'He (i.e. E.C.) was one of those men who attach much less importance to physical intercourse than is commonly attached to it.' The upshot was that I lost my divorce petition alleging desertion, and that Dorothea Conze was granted a judicial separation on the grounds of her husband's admitted adultery. I had also to pay her maintenance, but she was decent, or prudent, about this, and asked for only £2 per week.

The emotional wounds of this event were partly due to the fact that this soup had been cooked for my by my mother.[2] In spite of all this I have finally been able to make Muriel into an honest woman. When I had lived in the State of Washington for a year, I found out by chance that I now could get a divorce in that State. This gave me the whip hand, and Dorothea could see that she might well get nothing at all. She therefore agreed to let me go and since I meant her no harm, I gave her a substantial bribe which was most welcome to her because, when my mother's Will was opened, it became obvious that her name had been omitted altogether.

Tantum Religio Potuit Suadere Malorum. If Christians make up their minds that marriage is an essentially indissoluble sacrament, it is quite reasonable that in a Christian Society they should make legal provisions to enforce this point of view. What is not reasonable, however, is that these provisions should be applied to a

[1]In fact Dorothea was in every way uncommonly like Annabella Millbank, Lord Byron's tiresome wife. This illustrates again the union of opposites found in so many marriages. It is the details which give point to the comparison. In *The Listener* 27.10.77, p.541, I read, 'She lived in a cloud of high self-praise and purity. All who belonged to her circle of friends — and these were people on a lower social scale, for Lady Byron did not like to compete with her equals — heard her tales of wickedness of the great poet, the misery she had undergone at his hand.' How familiar this sounded to me and how it brought back the olden days!

[2]The explanation of this statement has been moved on to Part III because my legal adviser tells me that everything in it will have to be confirmed by reference to the pleadings and transcripts in the case. What a bother!

shot-gun wedding performed in a London Registry Office between a recently landed German Communist and a Communist Jewess. Though, I must add, that in spite of all this high-faluting judicial tomfoolery, Muriel and I suffered few disadvantages from the eighteen years of our irregular union. She had on July 20, 1955 changed her name by Deed Poll from Green to Conze. At her place of work in the Telephone Exchange, her position was understood perfectly well. Though she was known by the nickname of Mimi, from Puccini's opera, everybody addressed her as *Mrs.* Conze. It was only Miss Pope, Secretary of the Buddhist Society, who had such an aversion to speaking an untruth that she caused some heartache by addressing her letters to Muriel as *Miss* Conze. When the media poured out all this scandal about the divorce case, there was only some quiet giggling in the tranquil roads of Sherborne. One woman only, Miss Symes, a devout churchgoer, whom we employed to clean our house twice a week, gave us notice of her leaving our employment. In this way Christian and Buddhist piety converged. One must give the English spinster her due. Whether Christian or Buddhist, she will always castigate sexual immorality wherever she meets it.

(3) At about this time I visited my brother who was ill in hospital in Hamburg. This visit had two consequences: (i) I went from Southampton by the 'Bremen', and liked it so much that a year after I went to New York by the same boat. That journey confirmed my estrangement from German ways. All the way to New York I had my meals with a business man from Central Germany who was proud to belong to the 'Lions'. He convinced me that, like the Bourbons, the German had learnt nothing. Among other things, he was keen on extending the German frontiers to the Urals, and seemed to think that all Nations who were less efficient *(tuechtig)* than Germans had no rights. (ii) In Hamburg, I met the various Indologues, among them Dr. Hamm, with whom I became quite friendly and who later on invited me to Bonn. Hamburg itself was nearly as pleasant as it had been in 1933. When leaving it then, I had predicted to my friends that I would never see it again. What met my eyes in 1962 was a completely different City. The old one had been demolished by air raids. It was in Hamburg that our villainous scientists had experimented with their 'fire storms', which killed up to 30,000 people in one go, by a

mixture of explosive and phosphorus bombs. Many of these had been my friends and I wondered whether they could be reckoned among the 'innocent', or the 'guilty' victims of the last War.
(4) The fourth event, of great importance to my future, was the death of my mother at the age of eighty. I had last seen her in Langenberg a few years ago with my brother and his wife Inge. She had spoken only to my brother, and had not addressed one single word either to me or to Inge. Though she had at least paid for the meal. The Will showed that her enmity was as relentless as ever. Everything, apart from a few legacies, was left to my daughter Jane. My brother and I only got the income from the shares during our lifetimes. We had the Will reversed and got one fourth each, whereas my daughter got one half. Although the bulk of our fortune had been frittered away, this was the end of the near destitution which I had suffered after 1933, and for the last fifteen years I have not had to worry over money.

At this point I would dearly love to give a character sketch of my dear mother[1], but I will not do so because it will hurt my brother's feelings. Not being an author, he believes that intimate family troubles should be kept private. And these explanations would be very intimate indeed, since it was my mother's basic trouble that she was an exceptionally able woman without a place in a man's world. Everything became clear to me when, during our meeting in Langenberg after the War, she told me some sexual details of her life with my father. One of her favourite books was George Meredith's *The Egoist*. I had always wondered why, until I heard a half hour summary of it on the Radio. It apparently made men look absurd and ridiculous, and described women confiding in one another and ganging up against them. From the Isle of Wight she had brought home a treasured copy of the book, and urged me to read it. I never did, and when I recently got a copy from the local public library[2] I could see why this should have been so[3]. Her

[1]This term in construed on the model of 'Eumenides' for 'Erinyes'.

[2]They had to go to Weymouth for it. It had last been taken out in November 1965.

[3]I opened the book on p.284 and my eyes fell on this passage:— 'Half an hour earlier it would have been a perilous condition to be traversing in the society of a closely-scanning reader of fair faces.' The whole thing is written in this grotesque style. What could a German boy of thirteen or fourteen possibly be expected to make of this? Modern feminist tracts are written more directly.

insight into the psyche of young boys was rudimentary. One must remember that, especially in the early years of the century, the excessive militarism which was rampant in Germany exalted masculinity beyond all measure and correspondingly devalued femininity. This led to the woman being reduced to the three K, and one amusing by-product was an epidemic of Fellatio in top military circles in 1907. The usual word for woman was a contemptuous *Frauenzimmer* (what belongs into the women's room), often preceded by *dummes* (stupid). My mother would have been in her element as Mme. Curie, or better still as Mrs. Meir, Mrs. Gandhi or Mao's widow, — but all that ever came her way was the opportunity to run a small household lovelessly but efficiently, to paint neat pictures in the Dutch style, and to manage a home for girl students near Heidelberg, which she had built at her own expense, until in the end even the patient and placid nuns had had enough of her.

Professor in Madison, Wisconsin (1963-1964)

We must now move on to Wisconsin. Early in 1963 I had an invitation from Richard Robinson, then Chairman of the Indian Department, to come to him for an academic year. I went to London for a visa. The American Embassy presented me with an interminable form, asking for all my addresses since the age of eighteen (what German student could possibly remember the addresses of all his landladies?), wanting to know whether I had ever been to a brothel (in fact one of my finest stories concerns the visit to a Paris brothel in 1926, and its aftermath among the judicial luminaries in Cologne), whether I was a homosexual, and so on, and so on. Also there was the question of whether I had ever been a member of the C.P., or of a Front Organisation. If so, the McCarran Act of 1952 prevented me from getting a visa to work in the U.S.A., and made me into a 'Prohibited Immigrant'. What I needed was a 'waiver'. This meant that I would 'recant', denounce my former associates and, according to quite a recent circular, atone by 'fighting against Communism for the next five years'. I told the official that there was no question of my doing any of this, and reported back to Wisconsin. They came up with a document called a DSP 66 which stated that I had a knowledge which was of

use to the Government of the United States, and which no American possessed, and that, therefore, I was entitled to 'one application for admission into the U.S.' I did not quite catch the significance of this exact phrase which over-clouded my life later on. At the same time the Consul insisted on seeing evidence to show that I was no longer an active Communist. For ten whole years the McCarran Act has caused me untold vexations. Many hours I have spent in the offices of 'Immigration and Naturalisation', on some chicanery or other. With a DSP 66 you cannot leave the country (even to go from Seattle to my other job in Vancouver), and when it is exhausted you have to go back to England and stay there for two years before you can apply again. You must state the exact place, day, minute and hour you will land in the U.S. and there you will find an official waiting for you, holding in his hand a file with all your particulars. Often I had to sit for hours on end under the Stars and Stripes with an official questioning me, and some luckless female taking it all down. Once in Seattle I was asked what I had done in the C.P. in Hamburg. I gave my usual answer, that I had only given lectures on dialectical materialism for the Marxist Workers School. But this time it was very hot and I said 'Marxistische Arbeiterschule'. To my great joy I noticed that this had to be spelt out letter by letter to the poor girl. Thereafter I disorganised the proceedings completely by displaying my still considerable knowledge of about ten languages. The official wilted visibly and, at one point, produced a picture of me beaming along with Mikoyan in Moscow. 'Do you admit, Dr. Conze, that this is a photograph of you with Mr. Mikoyan? Now I do not wish you to tell me, in Russian, what you said to Mr. Mikoyan, or what he said to you. But do you not agree that it is disgraceful of you to be so friendly with a mass-murderer?' These were the days when our students were chanting on the campus:

'El Bee Jay, El Bee Jay,
How many kids did you kill to-day?'

and I pointed gracefully to the portrait of President Johnson which hung on the wall to his right, and said, 'Well, with these powerful people, it is not always easy to know who is a mass-murderer and who is not.' All he did was to tell the girl not to take this down. He also let me go soon after. At that time, we used to discuss whether

the U.S. was in a fascist, pre-fascist, or proto-fascist stage. I treasure this story, because it showed that we were *not* in a fascist stage, since in the *Third Reich* one could not have made a remark like that about a portrait of the *Fuehrer*. This legislation about ex-communists did much to spoil my stay in the U.S. and prevented me from getting my feet firmly on to the ground. Sensing the rapid decay of England, I was quite ready to settle in the States, but was never given the chance. The invitation to denounce others also did much to demoralise academic life in the U.S. One of the prime anti-communists was Wittfogel, the ex-KPD Sinologue. Without doing a Wittfogel, I could never have won a permanent place at an American University. But I do not want to vomit each time I see myself. In the end, I got so entangled in the complicated regulations and my still more complicated attempts to evade them, that in Berkeley I was threatened with deportation to Canada. The University at Berkeley countered by asking them to produce a Court Order. Their reasoning was that the Californian Courts were so overloaded that it would be years before they reached my case. In consequence, Immigration would make no such Order in case I chose to stay indefinitely. And so it turned out. Next time, however, I was nearly turned back on the 'France' when we were in sight of New York, and after that I have not been again. By that time they had accumulated a four-inch file about me — with one copy in London (I saw that one from the outside), one in Seattle, and one in Washington DC (that was the worst apparently), — and I was as heartily sick of them by then as they must have been of me.

In August 1963 I left Southampton on the 'Bremen'. Muriel wept on the pier expecting never to see me again. She did, however, join me in October when I had moved into the apartment rented in University Houses from the University. The journey was generally pleasant and from New York, where the longshore men kept us waiting for several hours, I was taken the one thousand miles to Madison in a Volkswagen wagon by a Lutheran pastor who preferred to speak German and who told me that, in fifty years time, America would have been taken over by a mixture of Jews and Negroes as the two most potent and pushful races. He did not seem to welcome the prospect. What struck me most at first was the size of everything, and also a certain roughness in the life-style, as

shown in the Howard Johnson Inns, near the highway, and a place in Pennsylvania called either Freeburg or Greenburg with its decayed Railway Hotel and the coarse greasy food in the restaurant to which we went for dinner. During all my years in America I have kept away from the ways of the common people, and have sheltered in campuses and University districts, or, when I had to leave these, in such over-towering fortresses as the Waldorf in New York and the St. Francis in San Francisco. In this small Pennsylvanian township I also noticed for the first time the American preference for the artificial over the natural. In the street I saw a Tudor house, eagerly went nearer to have a better look, and noticed that both the white, and the black beams, had been painted on concrete. At the University of Washington on my way home I usually passed by four noble-looking Ionic columns which 'grace the University's Sylvan Theatre'. One day I decided that they looked too good to be true, knocked against them with my knuckle and noticed that they were hollowed out tree trunks painted white. Likewise in the matter of food, imitations are preferred to the natural article and in University Common Rooms you get 'non-dairy cream' as opposed to milk. As Doctor Howard Schneider, Director of the Institute of Nutrition in North Carolina, put it: 'I think people are just alarmed by long chemical names. Everthing in this world can be reduced to chemical formulae'. In my youth I was always told that it was the height of vulgarity to have things which pretend to be what they are not. But it has been well said that the Middle Ages had all the vices except vulgarity, whereas the United States....

In Madison I first stayed in hotels. For the first three months I liked American life very much. I wrote enthusiastic letters about it to Muriel. When I wanted to consult them we suddenly realised that some years ago we burnt all my letters to her[1].

The murder of President Kennedy on November 22nd seems in

[1]On the other hand we have just found in a trunk 4,218 pages of my business letters after 1960. What a gift to a Ph.D. candidate! Before 1960 I fortunately had no space to store them and threw them all away.

Lives of great men all remind us
As we o'er their pages turn,
That we too may leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.

retrospect to mark the beginning of my disillusionment, not with Americans, who are generally quite pleasant people, but with the American way of life. As the years went by I became increasingly exasperated by the effects of excessive affluence, grotesque ideas of equality and domination by mannish women; as well as by the constant, totally uncalled for, harassment I had to endure from the FBI, Military Intelligence and 'Immigration and Naturalisation', not to mention the moral degeneration and corruption which accompanied the War in Vietnam, the more so as its injustice and futility became daily more manifest. On each of our visits Muriel and I noticed some new abomination, (like supermarkets, taking the place of retail shops, or the decay of the inner cities, or everything from 'convenience food' to skateboards), and wondered how many years it would take to reach England. We were never disappointed. In the end America became to me something like the Antichrist[2].

The job was a good one. As a 'Visiting' Professor I had no administration to do. As 'Distinguished' I had high income and prestige. An extra perquisite was Hanayama Shoyu, son of Bishop Hanayama in San Francisco, who was appointed Assistant Professor at a salary of $15,000 with the sole function of translating for me what Japanese scholars had written on Prajñāpāramitā. Thanks to Robinson's organising ability, we had nineteen Ph.D. students. I threw myself wholeheartedly into my work and Muriel reproved me for my 'perpetually radiant devotion' to it. My friends and supporters called me 'Le Général' and compared me to De Gaulle; what the others thought I can only guess.

Everything seemed to bid fair for a Buddhist Institute which would centralize Buddhist Studies in America. As one might expect, Mara, the Evil One, was alerted and saw to it that nothing came of this. Buddhist Studies were not set up to promote the knowledge of Buddhism, but to guide the American Imperialists in their conquest of Asia. The personnel therefore had little of the Buddhist spirit within them.

For months I went on from strength to strength and I thought

[2]This is the very word which our Chief of Staff recently used for the Soviet Union. Where are we coming to? Will the pen prove mightier than the sword?

everything was really quite wonderful, but then two events showed that I had been deceived:

(a) A chain is as strong as its weakest link. Muriel committed a very foolish action which destroyed my authority, and allowed my secret enemies to show the rage which so far they had had to suppress. People no longer automatically did what I told them. Originally, I had normally stayed between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. at the Department. Now I came only when I had to give a lecture or do an exam.

(b) There had been some talk of letting me stay on and of giving me one of the $30,000 Research jobs in a fine building overlooking one of our Lakes, where one was paid well for doing what one would have done anyway. Before anything could be decided the question of the visa had to be clarified. I was called into the office of the top Administrative official who pointed to one of the telephones on his desk, said that this was his direct line to the State Department, and assured me that we could clarify the issue in a few minutes. I then gave him my passport, and there followed this conversation: 'I am afraid, Prof. Conze, that I cannot do anything for you. Nor can anyone else. Have you seen the code on your visa?' 'Yes, but it means nothing to me.' 'Well, I will tell you what it says.' And he did. Now I understood why Immigration officials normally gave me a wry smile when they saw me. He continued: 'It is really amazing to see how many of our ablest scientists and scholars have been communists in their youth. All you can do now is to get a foothold in Canada, and get back into the States from there.' This is what I started to do immediately.

My Sixties

The reason why we went to Seattle from Madison was its nearness to Vancouver, where Muriel had a sister. The visit laid the foundation for the appointment a year later. I tried to become friendly with Prof. Hellmut Wilhelm, son of the famous Richard Wilhelm. He suffered from being the insignificant son of an illustrious father. Some relatives of his from Bonn warned him about my Communist past. Later on Wilhelm did much to frustrate me. I also had delightful interviews with the Dezhung Rinpoche, Gene Smith interpreting. They covered not only the Maitreya

chapter of the P.P., for which the material had been prepared for me by Iida in Madison and which I worked up in the Wilsonian Hotel in Seattle for my article in the Renou Commemorative Volume (No. 90), but also reincarnation, astrology, Buddhist History, etc. Much could be said on this. I also had some dealings with Dr. Rosenfield, the Art Historian of Harvard. Since my DSP 66 did not allow me to leave the U.S., Muriel went on her own to her sister in Vancouver, while I went to San Francisco and to Berkeley, where I stayed for some weeks in the Faculty Club. I found great hostility towards Buddhist Studies, particularly from Profs. Schafer and Emeneau. They could not, however, prevent the establishment of those studies a few years later. Muriel and I then went back to England via Vancouver, Saskatoon (where I had some eye-opening meetings with Guenther) and the really delightful city of Montreal, from where we took the 'Empress of Canada' back to Liverpool. This was an English-manned boat, and, although travelling First Class, we were, after the way we had lived in America and Canada, shocked by the squalor of the conditions on it, the dreadful food and the slovenliness of the surly crew. To put it mildly, the English, like Russian communists (see II p. 95), make poor waiters. In the chaos on Liverpool dock we nearly lost our trunk. We had let our house, could not get into it immediately and thus had to stay in the Saffron House Hotel in Sherborne. When we looked out of our room on the first morning, we were overwhelmed by the sight of the peaceful houses and tranquil gardens, praised the Lord and decided that there was a great deal to be said for England. Oh, what heavenly peace!

Guy and Freda Wint, at a dinner in St. Antony's College, persuaded Dr. L. A. Garrard, the then head of Manchester College, Oxford, to invite me to become a Research Fellow in the winter of 1964-65. There was nothing unusual in that, because this Unitarian College had some tradition in fostering comparative religion, numbering Carpenter and Radhakrishnan among its tutors in the past, and I had known Dr. Garrard ever since 1956, when I began to write reviews for the *Hibbert Journal*. No salary was offered, but only board and food and I commuted between Sherborne and Oxford, spending most of each week in Oxford. Like many other English places and institutions with which I have

been associated, Manchester College was at the end of its tether. Dr. Garrard was being packed off to Boston, Mass., where he had to fend for himself, and he was replaced by a stocky man called Short, who transformed the *Hibbert Journal*, once a distinguished scholarly organ, into a puny Parish Magazine and the College itself into a lodging-house for students who were taught elsewhere. Manchester College was not properly speaking a part of the University of Oxford, and I was cold-shouldered by the Oriental Institute and by such Christian monopolists as Prof. Driver. Nevertheless, I did some useful work, and met a few interesting people. A great event was a film done by Evans-Pritchard's anthropologists showing the life style of Iranian nomads. That taught me a lot. I also had some meetings with Zaehner who did not open up. There were also some lecture-tours to Birmingham, Liverpool and other Northern Cities which horrified me. I was grateful for access to libraries and such like, but, as always, Oxford proved to be barren soil for me, and little of importance was achieved.

By the middle of 1965, I had persuaded Prof. Nicholls, Chairman of the Department of Religious Studies at the U.B.C. in Vancouver, to send me an invitation. Although half-hearted and lacking in clarity it enabled me to fly to Vancouver to obtain a document showing that I was now a Landed Immigrant, and to transfer my mother's money straight from Germany to Canada (Mr. Wilson was then about to devalue the pound). Nicholls tried to break away from his C. of E. up-bringing and to play the *esprit fort* by daringly espousing all sorts of trendy heresies. Just then he was mulling over the Death of God. Never a very proficient Administrator, he chose that particular moment to quarrel with the President of the University and so in the end, to no-one's surprise, the Board of Regents refused to confirm my appointment and limited it to three months. Prof. Holland, who had left Berkeley in the McCarthy era, befriended me, found enough money to bring Muriel over for seventeen days, and organised a number of classes and Seminars. In this way I got some impressions of Canadian academic life and of the Canadian attitude to culture. We also became friendly with J. I. Richardson and his wife Betty. He was an ex-missionary who told me a lot about India, opened my eyes to many things and helped me to evaluate the work of 'Anthropologists' who are all around you when you go to America.

With my Landed Immigrant document I travelled across what was then an open frontier to Seattle and persuaded Prof. George Taylor to appoint me as 'Professor of Indic Studies' for a period which would have expired in 1974 when I would be seventy. 'Buddhist' Studies was impossible because of a Lawsuit from Texan Baptists which, while it went on, prevented religious teaching of any kind at this State University.

Much, far too much, could be said about my nerve-wracking years in Seattle. This town was half way between Washington D.C. and Tokyo, and visiting State dignitaries used it to interrupt their journeys. Taylor, himself an ex-State Department man, had built up a large Cold-War Department, also known as the Far Eastern and Russian Institute. Of the sixteen Full Professors fifteen were Europeans. (Taylor himself was English) and at least half of these had been Communists (Taylor himself had been a Left Wing Labour man in England and had done broadcasting for the Chinese Communists). The younger Professors were Second Generation Americans and they were markedly less educated than we were. Taylor waited exactly one day after my appointment was through, and then asked me again and again to help with the American War effort in Vietnam, — by giving interviews, going to Chien Mai for a Buddhist Conference, involving myself with the Van Anh University in Saigon and so on. I had been asked for my advice on Vietnam already in Madison. It was: (1) Fire Diem, (2) Eliminate Diem, (3) Put in Big Minh, (4) Tell Big Minh to ask you to go, (5) Go! Their nerve failed after point (2)[1], and they must have

[1]To kill a cat one need not necessarily choke it in whipped cream. To kill a man is rather a crude way of eliminating him, but that is what happened to Ngo Dinh Diem on November 1st, 1963. When the Vietnamese who shot him were accused of having 'taken him for a ride', they replied that this could not possibly be so because there was no such phrase in the Vietnamese language. He died, they said, simply because he sat in the car in the path of a bullet which went off by chance. But why did he have to go at all? That is bound up with Mme Nhu who belongs to the same archetype as my mother, and with the providential visit to Wisconsin of her father, then the South Vietnamese ambassador in the USA. She was what one may call 'the nigger in the woodpile'. As a devout Catholic she moved on to Rome. After Kennedy's assassination on November 22nd, 1963 she gave off a howl of jubilation. Since he had not received the extreme unction in time, he was destined for purgatory and probably hell. I kept the cutting at the time, and hope that it will turn up one day. There is nothing like the love of Jesus Christ. — It would not surprise me if there were more about these things in chapter 3 of PART III. How can I resist the role of Walter Mitty as the Man who might have Saved the West?

regretted it ever since. It amuses me to think that the position of the USA in world affairs to-day might be different if they had not then discarded my advice as that of an 'unreconstructed ex-communist'. Though they would surely have committed some other folly instead. By 1968 I was so convinced that nothing could save them that I refused to do anything, and in the end I was driven into open defiance and agitation against the War in Vietnam.

Nevertheless I got a lot of academic work done, and will describe that in some detail in Part II.

Finally, in 1968, the *Goetterdaemmerung* terminated my employment. The passions over Vietnam got hotter and hotter, the campus boiled up ever so often and I was drawn into the battle. In my position I could observe the truly astounding way in which these people, on the assumption that they had to deal with unarmed Redskins, ran a War for which they were totally unprepared in every way. At that time the U.S. had 40,000 Air Force Troops in Thailand. I was prevailed upon to appoint a lecturer for Thai. We combed through the length and breadth of the U.S. and all we could find in the end was a 'linguist' who could, allegedly, *speak* the language, which he had learnt from tape recordings, but could not *read* it. There are many examples like that. He whom the Gods wish to destroy. . . . In addition, I could observe the reaction of Vietnamese, chosen for their anti-Communism, to American civilisation. One monk had been sent 'to study Buddhism with Dr. Conze,' and I had to sign a form now and then for him to get his grant. After about two years he came to my office and said: 'I have come to take leave of you, because I am going back to Saigon.' ' 'Ven. so and so, please do not do so. Saigon is a most unpleasant place to be in at present. I will go on signing your forms indefinitely and if you need more money I can easily get you another 1,000 dollars.' 'No, I am determined to go back. We are a poor people, but we have gentlemen. Have you ever seen a gentleman in the U.S.?' 'Hm, Hm.' 'Not only that, we are a poor people, but we have culture. There is no culture in the United States. Do you not agree, Prof. Conze?' 'Hm, Hm.' So he went on his way.

This was not an isolated instance and it was another Vietnamese who finally finished me off. Thich Nhat Hanh, a monk-poet, had been taken through the U.S. for six months to show him the kind of

world the kindly G.I.'s, Cardinal Spellman's 'soldiers of Christ', would bring to his native land if one would only let them. He visited me at my house in Glenwylde Place, brought two other Vietnamese with recording apparatus, and more or less demanded not only an interview, but its recording for KRAB, one of the wireless stations in Seattle. I deferred to his robe, on condition that the text would not be relayed before June 15th. By that time I hoped to be safely away in Vancouver. We both let our hair down and filled three tapes (which I still have) with all the disagreeable and annoying remarks we could think of, going out of our way to express our non-violent admiration for Che Guevara, and all that kind of thing. The tapes were duly taken to KRAB and marked 'Not to be released before June 15th'. Some hippies came along and beamed their contents over the air. Soon after some car ran into the car in which Muriel was, so that she had to be treated for whiplash. The taxi in which she continued her journey was also run into. In Thomson Hall, where our Department was, there appeared a Mr. Harold C. Halvorson from the Investigations Branch of Immigration and Naturalisation who went from office to office enquiring about Dr. Conze's political views. Since everyone had to promise silence, I only heard what was said to Leon Hurvitz. This would be quite entertaining to read but might embarrass him. Halvorson then ordered me to come to his office. Instead I went to a firm of solicitors. They listened to the tapes, which a student of mine had pinched from KRAB, and told me that they could not help me. Later on, they sent them to me in England where they arrived with a note saying that they had been intercepted and 'an unedited dub' had been sent to the Fellowship of Reconciliation in New York State. The student's newspaper took up the struggle. So did the Underground Press which made nasty remarks about Taylor and all his works, annoying him in particular with unchivalrous jibes at his new wife, whom he had married in Vice-President Humphrey's office, and who was rich, but by all accounts none too comely. He became so angry that he stupidly said in public that he would break my tenure through the State Department. This led to a monster petition and a student riot, which I had to quell for him. I managed to mobilise Senator Magnusson on my side, but was checkmated by Senator Jackson.

And so it went on. When, on June 15th, 1968, I crossed the frontier to Canada, no longer quite so open as before, I felt the same kind of relief as on June 15th, 1933 when I landed in Southampton from Nazi Germany.

In Vancouver we first recovered from the strain in the splendid Bayshore Inn. Each time we went in or out of the U.S. somebody was murdered. This time it was Kennedy's brother, and we watched on television the truly amazing homage paid to him at his funeral by the poor and dejected. We then went to Windsor, Ontario, to visit Prof. Spellman, who wanted me to join him in his department. The Dean offered me $30,000 for a six-month term, but the black smog from Detroit which envelops the whole beautiful countryside would have been no good for my bronchitis. We then went on to Toronto, where the Duke of York Hotel struck me as the best I have ever stayed at. We visited the Indian Department at the University. Warder was away in India, but we were hospitably received and formed a favourable impression of the work done there. After that we flew back to London and did nothing in particular for some time. Slowly it became apparent that the strain in Seattle had harmed my health, which had also got a knock in 1966 on a visit to the Messina Conference on Gnosticism. But that is a separate story.

When I had regained my composure I calculated that by not returning to Seattle I would lose between 150,000 and 200,000 dollars. Again I knocked at the door of the American Embassy in London, — this time quite in vain. Each official sent me to a higher one. On my last visit I saw the highest. He banged his hand on my file, and said, 'With a file like this I would not give you a tourist visa even for one single day', adding a bit later, 'How do I know that you will not assassinate the President of the United States?' To which I could reply, 'Why should I do you such a favour after the way you have treated me?'[1]

From the Embassy I went straight to the Annual Conference of the British Association for the History of Religions at Passfield Hall. There Prof. Ninian Smart offered me the post of 'Visiting

[1]Just as my advice on Diem would have got the Americans off the hook in Vietnam, so the removal of Nixon would have spared them Watergate. What ingratitude!

Professor' at the recently founded University of Lancaster. This led to quite a number of visits to that University. My appointment has by now been renewed until 1979 when I will be seventy five. Nevertheless it would be a mistake to infer that I had at last been accepted by a British University. The prodigal son has *not* come home, and the whole appointment was very much more nominal than real. This is nothing to wonder at. Unlike Nalanda, Odantapuri or Tashilumpo, our universities are adjuncts to an exploitative society and do not welcome people with a spiritual message. Suzuki and Coomaraswamy, my immediate predecessors, had only the most tenuous connections with Universities. And so had men like Schopenhauer in the past. Others had none, like Spinoza, or Marco Pallis and René Guénon among my contemporaries. Even Lamotte, impeccably orthodox in his Catholicism and inoffensive in his political views, was for many years allowed to teach only the Classics and forced *d'Enseigner le Grec aux Flamands,* as he himself put it. Our predatory societies stretch out the tentacles of their curiosity to all other societies which they wish to destroy and dominate, and a great deal of spiritual tradition from the East therefore tends to become an object of study. The danger of contamination is met by favouring the employment of dry-as-dust scholars who are sure to strip the subject matter of all significance and reduce it to bare 'dusty facts', or placing in key positions such Orientals as Kalupahana and Matilal who have adopted Western sciential ideology in its most extreme and uncritical form.

Difficulties crowded in from the very start. First of all, no solution could be found for the problem of where I would stay. The original plan had been to give me one of the small flats at the top of Cartmel College. These went soon to refugees from Dubcek's 'Spring'. Then I was put into a guest room in Lonsdale College which was under the charge of a Mrs. Livingstone. She soon became distinctly ungracious because, in her view, the room was intended for occasional visitors who stayed for a night and not for someone who came with his wife for weeks on end. The local hotel, the Royal King's Arms, was designed for stays of not much more than one night. The best solution was to stay for longer periods either in a boarding-house, the Old Vicarage at Claughton, where the food was excellent, or in the large white tomb of the Midland

Hotel in Morecambe, which was graced with a delightful sculptured panel of Odysseus and Nausikaa by Eric Gill, but where the food was as uneatable as that on the Campus itself. The resulting bill was then sent to the University who marvelled at our consumption of Barsac and Entre-deux-Mers. Also transport was difficult in that impoverished and ravished part of the world, and, since we cannot drive, a special car with chauffeur had to be hired to take us to and from the Campus each day.

The Administrative machine made heavy weather of all this. Fairly soon unfortunately Ninian lost much of his power to help me. There had been a row over an alleged 'Marxist' junior lecturer in the English Department, and Ninian had taken the side of academic freedom. Over this and other issues the students erupted into riots, which were handled so ineptly that Ninian resigned from his administrative position as a Pro-Vice-Chancellor. Thereby he lost much of his influence outside his own department. In any case the details of administration were not his strong point. What he liked to do was to swan off to America and leave the daily routine to some luckless subordinate.

Moreover, my position was never accepted by most of the Christians in the Department. Used to having a monopoly they were displeased by the carefree and self-confident behaviour of this Buddhist cockbird and tried to hem me in on all sides. Apart from Ninian I had no real friends except for Adrian Cunningham, Peter Moore (now in Canterbury) and, later on, Andrew Rawlinson. Eric Sharpe and James Richmond, though slightly alarmed, at least tried to be friendly. The others were often as obstructive and nasty as only the lesser British academic can be.

Ninian is so much more widely known than I am that there is no need to speak about his great abilities. As an Anglican he did not, as I do, stick out like a foreign body, but can sell his Comparative Religion as one merging into the landscape. He was also a charming and most entertaining companion, and a great wit. He was appalled at the way this country had gone down of late. Once in the only decent restaurant in Lancaster he turned to Muriel and told her, — 'You would not believe it, Muriel. But if your Edward and I had both together been in charge of this country over the last twenty years, we could not have done worse than the people who actually

ruled us.' A few years ago he drew the logical conclusion and removed himself to Santa Barbara. Everyone else in our field who is worth his salt has also left England, or is leaving it, or spends much time abroad.

This is due not only to the rotten salaries, but also to the incredible lack of the most elementary facilities. When he first recruited me, Ninian had said, 'In Oxford nothing can ever be done for the first time. In this new place we can at last do what we want.' This freedom to experiment was offset by many disabilities. There was, of course, no proper Library. A few years ago they had fewer books on Buddhism than I have in my own house. The man responsible for the subject was then given 150 to 250 pounds per year to buy Buddhist books. How can you do serious teaching? There were some good post-graduates, but in general the quality of the students was pretty poor and their conduct often uncouth. In view of the sudden expansion of the number of students which took place in the Sixties, the old saying, 'More means less' proved only too true. Audiences were not always well prepared to receive our teaching. Now and then I had to think of the boy who named his Teddy Bear 'Gladly', after the line in a well known hymn, 'Gladly my cross I'd bear'. However, the boy had misunderstood the line, thinking that it was 'Gladly, my cross-eyed bear'. Since no offence is meant I hope that none will be taken. And in any case we had some lovely outings to the Lake District, to Windermere with its Old English Hotel, to Ambleside where on a wet day I saw from the Salutation Hotel the England which my mother had known and loved so well, and so on.[1]

Professor Hamm had invited me to come to *Bonn* for a Semester, and so I went there in the Autumn of 1969. I also visited Lamotte in Louvain and over Christmas went with my brother to the truly feudal Brenner Hotel in Baden Baden. More about this Bonn visit in Part II.

My career was however interrupted by a serious operation and its aftermath. In 1928 I had first developed a double hernia which was

[1]When I read out this section on Lancaster to Muriel she commented, 'What a dirge!' In fact my entire SAGA might have the sub-title, 'Song of a Falling World' which the Marxist historian Jack Lindsay gave to his 1948 anthology of Later Latin poetry.

controlled by a belt and later on, in 1939 with some disagreeable greenish injections given in St. Mary's Hospital to generate scarified tissue which held the hernias back until about 1969 when the right one started to come down fairly fast. It burst out early in 1970 and was operated on with some urgency in the St. Johannes Hospital in Bonn. The loss of blood was considerable, the operation nearly knocked out my heart and the anaesthetic paralysed the function of the liver and caused a deep depression. At that time I stopped smoking after fifty years. I was not very downhearted because I had for years believed that I would die at the age of sixty five. The supreme skill of the doctors and the morale boosting loving-kindness of the nuns pulled me through, Muriel could take me back on a plane, and I was ill for a long time. For at least nine months I could do nothing at all.

When I got better, we went to Berkeley on the 'Oriana'. This trip involved some hardships and also brought us into close contact with Australians who lived up to what D. H. Lawrence had said about them. My position in Berkeley was in the Department of Religious Studies. This was a fruitful period, spent among friends like Prof. Lew Lancaster, whom I had known as a student in Madison and Seattle, and in close contact with the Buddhist Organisations which had settled in the Bay Area. My students were more numerous and of better quality than they had been anywhere else and that improved both my lectures and Seminars. A Chinese woman student made a fine record of my normal lecture course, and it would be nice to have that reproduced one day. I have spoken before of my distribution of teaching materials. The Ph. D. Reading List had often to be revised.

While I was in Berkeley, we had a Conference on 'Oriental Studies at the University of California', which took place in Santa Barbara, a playground for the rich and a delightful spot. I fell in with Prof. Larson's suggestion that I should go there for a term. Once again we crossed the Ocean on the 'France'. First we went to Berkeley where I stayed from December 1972 to April 1973, helped by the San Francisco Zen Center. I repaid them with my advice which was more eagerly sought than given. The difficulty was that in my view their conduct was so much more American than Buddhist that any admonitory advice would have been an attempt

to impose European ways on these descendants of 'the wretched refuse of our teeming shores'. Once again I was, in spite of goodwill on both sides, unable to establish fruitful relations with a Buddhist group. And yet none of the causes operated in San Francisco which about twenty years before had estranged me from the London Buddhist Society. The 'old ladies of Kensington' were conspicuous by their absence; Richard Baker's personality had not horrified me as had that of Christmas Humphreys when I read up how he had prosecuted Timothy Evans in 1950[1] and D. Bentley in 1953; nor did his social stance resemble that of the King Canutes of an Establishment which is too stupid to realise that for many years already it has ceased to count[2]; nor had he carried on a lifelong vendetta against scholarship or wilfully chiselled away at the pure marble of my prose; he had not even been rude to me in public, as C. H. has been so often, in 1956 at the Exhibition of Tibetan Art in the Berkeley Galleries, or, worst of all, as my Chairman in 1958 in Caxton Hall, in front of my students, when a large audience had gathered for my debate with the Rt. Rev. George Appleton (20.2.1902), an Anglican missionary (1927-46) in colonial Burma, and later on (1969-74) 'Archbishop in Jerusalem and Metropolitan'.

It would be too long and tedious to relate in detail what happened between me and the Zen Center in the seven years which intervened between our first contact and the recent message which I will now quote. The end result can be inferred from the 'Bull' or 'Rescript' which I sent to Baker Roshi on February 6th, 1978. Here it is:

'Ven Roshi,

It has made me happy to receive your long letter of November 17, 1977. I will reply to it by recounting to you some of the conversation which took place between myself and Suzuki Roshi just before his death. He had called me to him to ask me whether I favoured a Japanese or an American successor to himself. I came down

[1]Timothy Evans was so manifestly not guilty that sixteen years later the Home Secretary, Roy Jenkins, gave him a free pardon.

[2]On the contrary, in the person of Gary Snyder, the Zen Center has expressed strong sympathies for the Anarcho-Syndicalists and the I.W.W. In the Sixties Gary Snyder addressed his *Earth House Hold* to his 'Fellow Dharma Revolutionaries', and urged them to strive for 'a totally integrated world culture with matrilineal descent, free-form marriage, natural-credit communist economy, less industry, far less population and lots more national parks' (p.93).

unambiguously on the side of an American successor, though with some provisos. In particular, as far as the Richard Baker mentioned in this context was concerned one had to admit that he had little true inwardness, that he was likely to dissipate the energies and resources of the organisation on outward things and that his horoscope indicated that he might get involved in risky financial deals and that he would certainly overstretch the financial resources of the Center all the time. But nevertheless, if one wanted to establish the Dharma in America then this could be done only by Americans in an American way. I could not, however, fail to be reminded of a story I heard in Germany when I was a boy. It concerned a hen which had sat on duck eggs, and which found itself surrounded by little yellow ducklings. It took them for a walk and when they came to the village pond the ducklings gaily jumped into the water and swam away. The hen was distraught with terror, and ran up and down along the shore saying, 'Took, took, took, toook, Took, took, took, toook.' This is precisely what Dr. Conze has been doing in recent years, when he saw how the Zen Center was being run.

In a country based on anti-intellectualism one cannot be surprised that the progress you made with my scholarly work through the good offices of Reb Anderson has been, if not exactly zero, at least infinitesimal. In this context I recall the famous verse by Nagarjuna, i.e.

'Why should a learned man
Traverse lands where learning is not respected?
What employment could a laundryman find
In a city of naked yogis?'

If you look through the correspondence between mediaeval scholars and the business managers of monasteries you will see that this is a very mild letter indeed.

May all things be well with you!'

We will return to the problem of sectarian Buddhism in Part II.

Santa Barbara was indeed a haven of peace. In the University the Department of Religious Studies turned out to be staffed by Protestant Scandinavian Tauruses. Their only counterweight was a Scorpionic Jesuit called Panikkar, half Spanish and half Hindu, who naturally opposed them on everything. My German descent

led to some persecution by Los Angeles Jews, and a clash with George Steiner in Prof. Panikkar's house produced the spark which has now blazed into the first chapter of Part III. I had one large class of about 150 to 200 students, as well as a Seminar of 15, where we studied the Abhidharma, not without some success. The University was in a state of crisis. Because, horror of horrors, the Bank of America had been burned down by students, conservative California parents forbade their kids to come. To make up for the loss of revenue the entrance qualifications were lowered still further. A new quota system led to the enforced absorption of unqualified negroes, both as students and on the staff, and caused no end of trouble. The children of the rich had come for the surfing and could not be intimidated into doing their work. Good students preferred to move on to Berkeley and competent professors stayed on more for the climate than for the educational opportunities. My health had deteriorated and I got 'the shakes' when excited. In April we flew back to San Francisco and New York, and from there once again went back to England on the 'France', soon to be withdrawn from service; because, although we paid at least £100 per day per head, we still did not pay for what we got. It was nice to have spent the winter in California with someone else paying the bills. In this way we avoided not only the English winter, but also the annoyances which might have arisen from the new estate which was being built near our house.

My Seventies

In 1974 I visited my brother for the last time. From Luedenscheid I returned to England via Hamburg because I wanted to see Prof. Schmithausen (whom I had met, and liked, in Bonn), and Prof. Emmerick (whom I knew from London). My health was already so bad that I could barely walk from the Railway Station to the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten, and, after three hours, I had to interrupt my fascinating conversation with Schmithausen. In 1975 I booked for the Indological Congress in Turin, and had planned to go back via Locarno, where I hoped with the help of a relative and the Eranos Foundation to fix up something for the winter. Shortly after buying the ticket I could no longer walk up the hill to my house. The doctor carried out an E.C.G., diagnosed severe heart disease,

forbade me to travel, and gave me three kinds of pills which have helped me ever since[1]. A few weeks later Lew Lancaster stayed with us for some weeks. He drove us about in a car. Twice I came to a halt, first, after showing him Godshill, in Bournemouth trying to walk up the hill from the Winter Gardens to the Russell Coates Museum, then in Oxford after introducing him to the Professors at the Oriental Institute. In Oxford a more competent doctor diagnosed angina and gave me the T.N.T. tablets which are such a relief. At the same time inflation and the economic crisis have reduced the demand for reviews, articles and books. Occasionally someone visits me from the outer world, but they tire me soon. In 1976 Muriel's long-standing ailments, made worse by a foolish doctor, came to a head. She then had a new plastic hip and two years later she had another one. So we are now sitting here tied to the house like two real old crocks.

Though Death loses its terror when one surveys the social scene. Almost anything seems preferable to having to live in an increasingly shoddy, squalid and shop-soiled multiracial mass democracy, run either by a Grocer's Daughter or an Irish Mafia. No wonder that I decided to cheer myself up by telling the story of my life. What you see here are, I admit, only the idle musings of an old man in the months of summer. One day perhaps they may be redone more artistically. The motto will then have to be Goethe's well known admonition to greater brevity [2].

Literary Work between 1962 and 1978

Enough of these crumbling bones of mine. For more than half a century my life blood has flowed chiefly into literary work, as a pious pelican sheds his blood for his young. The motive is not so much a desire to instruct mankind. I have therefore done little to ensure a wide circulation for my works, in which I lose interest the moment they are finished. The driving force is partly an artistic

[1]They are Digoxin. Inderal, and a Diuretic, — first Saluric and now Navidrex K. About thirty years ago Prof. Foucher took me for a long walk near his house in Sceaux. We came across a charming 17th Century Garden Temple and I remarked that the 17th Century was the last period in European History when life was worth living. He gave me a withering look of contempt which I will not soon forget. Now that I have angina I am glad to have waited until TNT and the Beta Blockers came in.

[2]See Appendix 10, no. (13)

impulse, akin to Michelangelo's creating the Pietà, and partly a desire for immortality as understood by Horace in the Ode which was one of my favourites already at school.

> 'A monument more durable than brass,
> Rising above the regal pyramids.
> Have I erected . . . I shall die,
> Not altogether: much of me escapes
> Libitina, and grows forever new.'[2]

Once I had accepted academic commitments my literary output was naturally somewhat diminished. After publishing 'Buddhist Thought in India' I put a great deal of work into the 'Materials for a Dictionary of the Prajñāpāramitā Literature', retyping it several times. In its typed form it was distributed with the help of Prof. Hamm, first in Hamburg, and then in Bonn. Lokesh Chandra had promised to publish it in New Delhi, but when it came to the crunch he decided that he had not sufficient type at his disposal. I no longer remember how the Suzuki Research Foundation came to be interested in this project, but in 1967 they brought out a quite excellently printed edition, which they reprinted without alterations in 1973. The final touches were carried out at the University of Washington where I had the good fortune to enjoy the help of my friend and colleague, Prof. Leon Hurvitz, as well as that of the Third Dezhung Rinpoche for the Tibetan terms. They removed numerous minor errors, almost unaffected by the huge noisy cranes which were then refashioning the campus for the onslaught of an atomic War which was sure to bring hydrogen bombs down on the home of Boeing and the Seventh Fleet. I was in a state of perpetual irritation, though the Rinpoche was too calm to notice anything at all. Hurvitz assured me that I was just unlucky not to have been brought up in the U.S., because then I would by now be used to noise, which is indeed omnipresent there. It is the first wave of Mara's storm-troops. In view of the vast extent of the Prajñāpāramitā Literature the dictionary is necessarily incomplete. I have inserted many corrections and additions into the interleaved author's copy which after my death will go to the ISMEO in Rome. The value of the work would of course be greatly enhanced if the

[2]See Appendix 10, no (14)

Chinese equivalents could be added. Some years ago Prof. Lew Lancaster of Berkeley and Prof. Shotaro Iida of Vancouver started to work on this. Other things seem to have proved more urgent and the problem appears to have become dormant.

The publication in 1974[1] of *The Short Prajñāpāramitā Texts* by Luzac brought me nearer the goal which I had set myself in 1938, i.e. to translate all the 42 P.P. texts into English[2]. In 1938 the Prajñāpāramitā could be read in five languages, i.e. in Tibetan, Mongol, Chinese, Manchu and Japanese. Now in 1978 about 90% of it is also accessible in English, the new World language. The exceptions are mainly Chinese texts for which I have no linguistic competence. Most of them in addition are highly Tantric and it is in the nature of things that an esoteric Tantric text is no more intelligible in English than it was in the original.

It must be admitted that my work on these Short Texts is capable of some improvement. You have gone over the 'Questions of Suvikrāntavikrāmin' and published your comments in my *Festschrift* (pp.187-99). Someone will have to re-edit the Sanskrit text of the second part of *The Perfection of Wisdom in 700 Lines* in such a way that it is brought up to the standards of J. Masuda's 1930 Edition of the first part. My translation of *The P.P. in 500 Lines,* of necessity made from the Tibetan, is no more than a mechanical crib and largely unintelligible; it should be re-done by a competent Tibetan scholar. In 1977 Dr. Yuyama brought out in the *Guenther Festschrift* (pp. 286-292) a Sanskrit Text of the *Perfection of Wisdom in a Few Words,* based on manuscripts more complete than the one which I had at my disposal. I am glad to say that as a result only four alterations in the English are necessary.[3]

[1]The title page gives 1973 as the year of publication. Some delay had resulted from the firm of Luzacs undergoing a deep crisis. As a result they lost Mr. Reynolds, their very competent and experienced manager, to the competition next door. The reins of management were taken over by Mr. Knight Smith. For some years I had known him as an exceptionally pleasant manager in the book-shop, but he had little experience in the technical side of publishing.

[2]In *The P.P. Literature* itself the last is No.40. By some oversight I had on p.64 numbered the *Perfect Wisdom in 500 Lines* as No.7a, instead of No.8: and on p.76 I had numbered 'The question of Pravara, the Deva-King' as No.12a instead of No.13.

[3]They are: p.144, Demonstrate + to me. — p.145, 1.3. were + completely/ filled. — 1.5 enlightenment + and/even the beings in the Hells + were possessed of all that makes for happiness. — last line: will + in their own home/preserve.

What grieved me most was that I was unable to give more than a summary of the 'Sutra of the Benevolent Kings' which I valued particularly because of my interest in the social dimensions of Buddhism. The only expert whom I could find in the U.S.A. was a Japanese by the name of Kenneth K. Tanaka. To my disappointment he could not help with the translation. All I gained from him was a then unpublished article which explains the differences between the two extant translations, the first ascribed to Kumārajīva (A.D. 401, but actually ca. 450 A.D.) and the second by Amoghavajra (A.D. 765). The first is to some extent a pamphlet in which the Chinese Sangha is airing (esp. in Ch.8) the grievances it felt at hostile and restrictive measures taken in the 5th Century by the Imperial Government, measures which culminated in A.D. 444 in the persecution by the Emperor Wu of Northern Wei. The second was re-cast at the suggestion of the Emperor T'ai-tsung into an instrument for the 'Defence of the Realm'. I hope that others will follow up this line of research and that a scholarly English translation will ensue in the end.

It is the wish of every ageing scholar to see his collected essays published in book form. George Hill, my Oxford publisher, made me happy by doing this in two volumes, in 1967 the 'Thirty Years of Buddhist Studies' and in 1975 'Further Buddhist Studies'. In 1977 the Wheelwright Press, run by my friends of the San Francisco Zen Center, combined these two volumes into one, entitled 'Buddhist Studies 1934-1972'.

George Hill takes great care over the elegant presentation of his books and some thought was given to the dust covers. In the 1951 book on 'Buddhism', we have the Lord Buddha coming down from the mountains to preach the doctrine. This, in 1954 is followed by the 'Mother of All Buddhas', the Holy Prajñāpāramitā taken from the Javanese sculpture, though also our photograph failed to bring out the warm golden glow of the original volcanic stone which has enchanted me each time that I have paid homage to her in her temporary resting place in the Leyden Museum. On 'Thirty Years of Buddhist Studies'[1] a mature Zen master looks as serene as he

[1]Where, incidentally, on p.55 one should twice read 'Saskya Lama' for 'Saskya Pandita'.

ought to. On the cover of 'Further Buddhist Studies' we see the author having reached the end of his life and being ready to depart. The detail from William Blake's 1821 painting 'The Circle of the Life of Man' shows in the centre Athene, the Goddess of Wisdom, who points to the heavenly world from which souls 'descend' into generation, to be woven into the mortal garments by the nymphs of the Cave, working at their looms and shuttles. To her right we see a kneeling Odysseus in the act of throwing back to the nymph Leucothea her girdle, which had enabled him to swim to his homeland in Ithaca. The whole conception goes back to Homer[1] and to Porphyry's Commentary on 'The Cave of the Nymphs', translated by Thomas Taylor.

Mr. Hill was fairly magnanimous in that I had disappointed him regarding three literary projects which were dear to his heart. First of all he had hoped for a book on the Symbolism of Buddhist Art. I would have been glad to oblige him, but small firms do not have the material resources to procure illustrations of the high quality required in modern Art books. Secondly he heard more and more complaints about 'Buddhism' becoming out of date, and asked me to provide an improved edition. I tried again and again, but never got very far. In the end I had to tell him that the book had to be treated as a work of art which could not be tampered with. All one could do was to wait until somebody would publish an account of Buddhism which would supersede mine. So far this has not happened. Finally, since Dr. Hill had obtained his Berlin degree in Classics, he could be interested in my plan to bring out an illustrated edition of some of the more readable passages in Manilius' *Astronomica* with suitable illustrations. This was before the vogue of Astrology, which in 1977 caused the Loeb translation by G. P. Goold to be sold out on the day of publication. Nevertheless an American University Press offered to sponsor the book in the U.S.A. In the end nothing came of it because I was overawed by the corrections which Housman had introduced into the text, at times almost re-writing it. I felt that many of them were arbitrary, but also that I did not have the scholarly standing to reject them, and to establish a better text.

[1]Od. XIII, 102-112 and V, 333-387

The two volumes of Essays left out about 100 to 150 pages of articles and reviews which should not be forgotten so soon. I had hoped that the Wheelwright Press would bring them out as a third Volume, but in their case it is not true that 'Americans are always in a hurry'. No progress has been made for four years now.

After having finished my translation of the *Prajñāpāramitā* I thought of moving on the the *Samādhirāja*. I found, however, that Dutt's Edition from the Gilgit Manuscripts could not be relied upon, so that the entire text would have to be checked line by line with the Tibetan and Chinese. This is a task for a much younger man and I turned instead to the *Saddharmapuṇḍarīka*. Already in Slough I had gone word by word over Kern's translation in the Sacred Books of the East, and had added into my copy all the more important Sanskrit terms from the Romanized Edition of U.Wogihara and C. Tsuchida. It became clear to me beyond any doubt that Kern's 1884 translation was now completely out of date, and that although it had been an outstanding work of scholarship in its own time, it was often positively misleading. In consequence I re-translated a number of key passages for both 'Buddhist Texts' (1954) and for 'Buddhist Scriptures' (1959). In 1962-3 I added the entire fifth chapter for 'The Middle Way'. This was re-printed in 'Thirty Years of Buddhist Studies' and became the basis of a very successful Seminar which I held in 1973 in Berkeley. Even I was surprised how the new translation put Kern completely into the shade. With great effort and at the expense of several hundred pounds I collected all the material that I would need to produce a satisfactory translation of the *Saddharmapuṇḍarīka* in Sherborne where, of course, there is no access to specialist libraries. The first task was to choose a text, and I decided on the Nepalese version as found in the Gilgit Manuscripts, which by that time (1975) had been edited superbly in a Romanized form by Shoko Watanabe for the Reiyukai. I might probably just as well have opted for the Kashgar Manuscript which has the advantage of being more complete, but at that time it was not yet available to me.

The stars were, however, not propitious, and everything went wrong all the time. I like to serialize things in periodicals so as to have a date line which forces me to produce a definite quantity of work by a definite time. In 1974 'The Middle Way' published the

first 55 verses of Chapter 1 of 'The Lotus of the Good Law' (which incidentally enabled me to correct a basic error that had crept into the text 1400 years ago). The Editor saw fit to introduce a number of alterations which distorted the sense. After 30 years of this harrassment the cup overflowed, and I told the young man that there is no shame in being badly educated, because most people are, but that this is no excuse for mutilating the writings of one's betters. My letter was read out in a Council Meeting of the Society during a violent thunderstorm, and no further instalments of 'The Lotus of the Good Law' have appeared. Betty Radice was willing to bring out the translation in the Penguin Classics. After a year of correspondence no conclusion had been reached. So I approached the Oxford University Press, which with great alacrity agreed at once to a very favourable contract. Immediately I threw myself into the work with great zeal, only to find that I had left it too late. So many documents had to be consulted that my eyes gave out. One winter evening when at 10 p.m I copied for Chapter 7 the Tibetan equivalent of a long list, weariness overtook me and I knew that I would never complete the work. By then I had made the acquaintance of Dr. Andrew Rawlinson, who in 1972 had won his doctorate from the University of Lancaster with an exceptionally fine dissertation on 'Studies in the Lotus Sutra'. He agreed to take over half the Chapters, leaving me with those of the greatest doctrinal significance. We worked well together and have completed a few chapters. At the moment it appears that they, as well as Dr. Rawlinson's dissertation, will appear in due course in Japan. In any case the problem is no longer as urgent as it was, since in the meantime two quite good translations have been made from Kumārajīva's Chinese translation of A.D. 406, which represents the earliest text available to us.[1]

Turning now to the articles I must mention my comparison between Buddhist and Western philosophy. Originally planned as the final chapter of 'Buddhist Thought in India', it appeared in 1963 in *Philosophy East and West*, after Prof. Moore of Hawaii had heavily Americanized my presentation. The original text was printed in 1968 in 'Thirty Years of Buddhist Studies'. In 1975 I

[1]They are: 1971, tr. W. E. Soothill and B. Kato, revised by W. Schiffer. 1977, tr. L. Hurvitz whom I had in 1966 advised to undertake this task.

followed up this theme with 'Buddhist Prajñā and Greek Sophia' in *Religion*. In the PhEW articles I formulated my views on the 'Perennial Philosophy' and gave a comprehensive definition of it. My views have had some effect in America where departure from it has gone farthest. In this respect I may mention Huston Smith, a Professor at M.I.T., whose 'Forgotten Truth, The Primordial Tradition' (1976) gracefully states many important insights. This again shows how successful I have been in realizing the Prajñāpāramitā goal of self-extinction through the development of inward contradictions. For if the social counterpart of sciential philosophy is the technological society of today, then that of the Perennial Philosophy is the Old Stone Age. What greater self-effacement can there be than to preach the Perennial Philosophy to people living today!

What I have done, in a way, is to put into words the feelings which stirred in the heart of Enkidu, friend of Gilgamesh, when his eyes fell upon the towering twin walls of Uruk, six miles in length. Quite soon after my arrival in London Mr. Blackham frequently invited me to speak for his Ethical Church in the old, ungainly building in Queensway, and I continued to do so until some time after that was sold and the ever dwindling congregation transferred to the other side of the Royal Parks. After the war broke out it gave me pleasure to vex my audiences and to make their blood curl by mocking their moral indignation about being bombed from the air. At the beginning of my sermon I used to read the appropriate passage from the great 18th chapter of the Revelation of St. John about the Babylonian Whore. For instance:

'And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her; for no man buyeth their merchandise any more; . . . And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off, and cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, What city is like unto this great city! And they cast dust on their heads, and cried, weeping and wailing, saying, Alas, alas that great city, wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea by reason of her costliness! for in one hour is she made desolate. Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her . . . And in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth'.

When I first saw Chicago, I murmured to myself 'Tenochtitlan'; although I had then forgotten what the word meant, I soon found how appropriate it was. A few years before me Berthold Brecht had visited the same city, and said that 'all that will be left of this place is the wind which whistles through its buildings'.

'Lo, all our pomp of yesteryear
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre'.

Which only echoes Nahum's, 'Nineveh is laid waste: who will bemoan her?' It was Cain who founded Henoch, the first city. His brother's murder has been avenged ever since. In our cities the proud Babylonian towers rise each year higher and higher to the sky, and when the gods look down upon them the original ziggurats must seem almost puny by comparison. Lower down, however, there grows also the blood toll which has to be paid to atone for the constant murder of all kinds of creatures without which none of this could happen. Here lie the secret springs of our malaise. They had combined into a Flood some short time before Enkidu lived. Or, to invoke Berthold Brecht once again:

'Der grosse Alexander, um zu leben
brauchte die Grosstadt Babylon.
Und es hat andere Leute gegeben,
die brauchen sie nicht. Du bist einer davon.'

In 1963 I also published, in honour of S. G. F. Brandon, an article on 'Buddhist Saviours'. It gave me an opportunity to explain in some detail why in Buddhism the tenets of the religion of the Masses are prefectly compatible with those of the philosophical élite. This is one of the tokens of a valid religion, and like Coomaraswamy before me I attribute great importance to it. Furthermore I take some pride in my contribution to Guy Wint's 'Asia, A Handbook to the Continent' in 1965. It led to a frightful row with Mr. George N. Patterson who had bveen entrusted with the editorial work during a period when Guy Wint himself was indisposed. As an ex-missionary of a particularly fanatical brand of Christianity, he inserted into my article insulting remarks about Buddhist monks and nuns, and, as a professional anti-communist, he objected to the even-handedness which I always display towards Communism in its conflict with the Free World. I won this battle. The text was printed exactly as I had sent it in and I succeeded in having it re-printed in 'Further Buddhist Studies'.

It is well known that 'Dharma' is the Buddhist name for Buddhism. Like nearly all Buddhist technical terms this one is very ambiguous, and in 'Buddhist Thought in India' (pp.92 sq) I tried to sort out its basic meanings. For a long time I had hoped to expand on what I had said there and to show in particular how it applied to social problems. The opportunity came when St. Antony's College in Oxford asked for a lecture on 'Buddhist Social Ideals' as part of a Seminar intended for lecturers and graduate students. This lecture benefited greatly from the discussions to which it gave rise particularly with my fellow-Pisces Raghavan Iyer. While I was in Wisconsin, Winston L. King of Grinnell College in nearby Iowa saw to it that his colleague, Prof. Paul G. Kuntz, invited me to contribute to his 'Interdisciplinary Seminar on Order'. Twenty-eight lectures were given in 1963-4 on this topic by all kinds of experts. The experience confirmed me in my belief that the Perennial Philosophy is vastly superior to the chit-chat which results from so-called 'Science'. The only two contributions which made any sense at all are indeed those of Edward Conze, a Buddhist, and of Joseph M. Kitagawa, an earnest Christian converted from Buddhism. By some chance the resulting 479-page book on 'The Concept of Order' was prepared for publication (in 1968) by the University of Washington Press at a time when I was a Professor in Seattle. One afternoon I had a visit from a lady Editor connected with that University Press. Before my astonished eyes she turned the text of my lecture inside out with such deftness and determination that I could not stand up against her, and began to modify my opinion about the position of women in Society, at least in the United States of America.

For a long time I have believed that a fuller understanding of the meaning of the Prajñāpāramitā Texts requires acquaintance with the indigenous commentaries, be they Indian, Chinese or Tibetan. In order to begin somewhere I had already in Wisconsin looked through the numerous Commentaries to the *Heart Sutra* which are preserved for us in the Tanjur, and had induced a promising student called Peter S. La Sha to copy out for me the first commentary in the list, that of Vimalamitra, and to make an attempt at translating it. Disappointed with its contents I turned to that of Praśāstrasena which was easily available in the reproduction which the Ven. Da

Lama Nam-Gyal Dorje had made at Berkeley. Furthermore I found a shorter text from Tun-huang in my office in the India Office Library. It gave me great pleasure to show my affection for Miss Horner by contributing to the 'Buddhist Studies in honour of I. B. Horner' (1974). The space allotted to me was insufficient for the translation of the entire text even in its shorter Tun-huang form, which in any case would have had to be edited before being translated. In consequence I had to limit myself to selected passages. The Commentatorial Literature has up to now remained a vast untended field waiting for younger scholars to cultivate it.

As a result of many years of studying the *Heart Sutra* I had for my own use written a vast commentary of over 500 pages which was later on faithfully and diligently typed out by Mrs. Alma Bevan and sold through the Buddhist Society. One such copy was bought by the Zen Center in San Francisco where it came to the notice of an unusually bright young man called Richard N. Levine. When I was in Berkeley he showed me a 1971 thesis on the Madhyamikas which he had written for Reed College, and thereby won my confidence in his intellectual abilities. Reluctantly I agreed to his joining me in Santa Barbara to submit himself to my tuition and training. Astrologically speaking, however, the prospects were definitely unpropitious and he would have come to grief. So I advised him to promote his spiritual development in a Hasidim Settlement near New York. He was so disappointed that I did not have the heart to send him off altogether. He had told me how much he had been struck by what I had said in my Commentary about the 'Intermediary World' and 'The Triple World', and offered to check the references and help me in other ways to work up this passage into a printable article. Thereby he enabled me to fulfil a wish which I had nursed ever since I had managed in 1954 to get an article on 'The Triple World' into 'The Aryan Path'. This had been partly reproduced in 'Buddhist Thought in India' (pp.21-24), but on the whole I felt that the original source was so inaccessible that I would have liked to re-state my views on the subject. I was able to do this with the help of Mr. Levine, who caused much jealousy among my regular students in Santa Barbara by being given a key to my office, and at the same time I was able in 1974 to meet the wishes of the delightful Miss Okamura Mihoko, Suzuki's helpmate in his last years, who had so often asked me to write for *The Eastern Buddhist*.

Nothing need be said about my nearly one hundred *Reviews*. Many are mere routine announcements, others are as much contributions to knowledge as the articles, and others again are exercises in the discharge of spleen which have enabled me to keep an even temper in my daily life. Even the latter have never been influenced by malice. I have made it a principle never to review the book of an author whom I dislike personally or who has injured me. In recent years the field for reviewing scholarly books has shrunk in England because inflation steadily erodes our learned journals. The JRAS now limits us to 300 or 400 words.

After my book on *Buddhism* had established my reputation, I have had no difficulties in publishing anything I wrote once it was completed. There are only two exceptions.[1] Characteristically they concern the practice of Buddhism, which is generally neglected by those 'practising Buddhists' who dislike having any kind of discipline imposed upon them.

The first is a collection of TEXTS modelled on the breviary which Catholic priests recite every day. It gives passages in the original Pali or Sanskrit on one page, and in my literal English translation on the opposite page. They are arranged, I think, quite ingeniously, under the following nine headings: (1) Faith: (2) — (5) the four Holy Truths. (5) gives the first six steps of the Holy Eightfold Path, from Right Views to Right Effort. At (6) we insert Patience and then continue at (7) with Mindfulness, which falls into two parts (71) *Satipaṭṭhāna Sutta* and (72) *Indriyagutto*. This is followed at No. (8) by Concentration and at No. (9) by Wisdom. That alone, after a number of brief extracts, calls for a few lengthy items. They are (91) *Anattalakkhaṇa Sutta*, (92) *Prajñāpāramitā-hridaya-Sūtra*, (93) *Sin Sin Ming*. (94) parts of the *Diamond Sutra*, (95) Rahulabhadra's *Hymn to the Perfection of Wisdom*, and (96) *Lalita Vistara* xiii. These texts are meant to be learnt by heart. Travelling around a great deal I have spent many happy hours in buses and trains murmuring them to myself. A few friends have

[1] My *Bibliography of the Buddhist Scriptures* is perhaps another exception. It was accepted for publication by Garland's, a New York publisher who specializes in Bibliographies, but then I turned over the typescript, which I had nursed from 1940 onwards, to the Department of Oriental Languages in Berkeley. They were not content with my rough-and-ready text, which could have been amended in future editions, but resolved to produce a perfect MS. This has so far got to page 10 and the quest for perfection has proved pretty deadly to further growth.

seen the work. The Buddhists among them were usually displeased by my including at the end of each section appropriate selections from the Christian tradition as represented by Andrew Marvell, St. Thomas Aquinas, Angelus Silesius, Dionysius Areopagita, Victor Hugo, Father Augustine Baker, and especially Petrus Damiani, with his two superb poems *De Die mortis* and *De Gloria et gaudiis paradisi*. It would be fine if this, my labour of love, could sometime see the light of day. The Tabard Press in Surrey, which brought out my translation of the *Metta Sutta* so decoratively in 1967, did not have the resources to tackle the entire work, which extends to less than 10,000 words.

The other work is called ANALYSIS and is a detailed guide to meditation on the lines of the Abhidharma. It relies chiefly on Theravadin sources and on my experiences in Dr. Westlake's wood in Godshill. All possible events are arranged under a list of 198 items, or dharmas. The Zen Center of San Francisco has kindly re-typed and duplicated the text[1]. The further attempt to tidy it up was abandoned fairly soon. The few efforts I made to start Abhidharma training among the more senior members of that organisation all came to nothing. The chief obstacles were (1) inability to learn anything by heart, (2) unwillingness to submit to discipline, (3) total aversion to being drilled, (4) distaste for reprimands and (5) deep suspicion against learning and intellectuality. For meditation on the particularly important items (187) to (198) which comprise the twelve Links of the Chain of Conditioned Co-production I introduced some pictorial aids. Not content with the usual *Thankas* of the Wheel of Becoming (*bhavacakra*) I succeeded in importing from Nepal a number of representations of the 'Wheel of Life' on beaten copper. Their visualization is a great help to meditation.

Lately I have signed with Routledges a contract for a text-book of the Mahayana which will form part of their Library of Religious Beliefs and Practices, edited by John R. Hinnells. The date line is the end of 1979. If I can restrain myself from talking too much about myself, this so much more worth while task may well be accomplished by that date.

O. A. M. D. G.

[1]*One Hundred and Ninety-eight Items*, xiii + 123pp. $9.50 Postage $0.60 or $4.50. The motto is: *ajjhatta-dhamma-pariññaya ariya-bhūmi-paṭilābho hoti.*

APPENDIX 1

This list of my political articles is pretty imperfect. Articles are numbered by Arabic figures, and Reviews etc., by letters. The months of the year are given in Roman figures, e.g. January = I. Most of the articles were in *Plebs,* which I have abbreviated as P. Most of the other journals were small sectarian Left-wing papers.

1934

0	War-Minded, Rev: E. Banse, Germany, Prepare for War! (By: A German Professor)	Time & Tide	III
1	The rise of Fascism in Austria. (By: C. Edward)	P	III
2	Why Germany went fascist. (By: Edward Couze)	P	IV
3	Reply to I. Flower (on German fascism)	P	V
	a. Rev: E. Burns & F. M. Roy, The Roosevelt Illusion (One side only)	P	V
4	The Nazi puzzle	Time & Tide	V
	b. Rev: L. Rudas, Dialectical Materialism and Communism (Is Socialism inevitable?)	P	VI
WHY WAR?		NCLC	VII
5	Forward to socialism, — but how?	P	VII
6	(On Fascism. Summary in 21.7.34 issue of The Scottish Co-operator)	Manchester Guardian	VII
	c. Rev: M. van den Bruck, Germany's Third Empire (The Nazi's 'Bible')	P	VII
	d. Rev: O. Spengler, The hour of decision. (Luxurious Animals)	P	VII
	e. Rev: R. Palme Dutt, Fascism & social revolution	Time & Tide	VII
7	A communist looks at fascism (discussion of Dutt, as e)	P	IX
8	Conze in the Cockpit. Answer to A. Robertson	P	X
	f. Rev: Two German pamphlets	P	X
9	Psychology Syllabus	Un. of London	X
WHY FASCISM?		Selwyn & Blount	XI
10*	What is the scientific way of thinking? (1)	P	XI
	g. Rev: J. F. Hecker, Russian sociology (A commercial traveller in Russian ideas)	P	XI
	h. Rev: F. Brockway, Will Roosevelt succeed?	P	XI

11	Dialectical Materialism & Communism. — A Postscript. Reply to L. Rudas. + Rudas' reply to C.	Labour Monthly	XI
12	Social implications of logical thinking. Reprinted in FBS 73-92	Proc. Aristot.Soc.	XI
13*	What is the scientific way of thinking? (2) Thinking concretely	P	XII
	i. Rev: Aspects of dialectical materialism (Like the curate's egg)	P	XII

1935

14*	What is the scientific way of thinking? (3) Things must be studied in their movements	P	I
	k. Rev: K. Simpson, Introduction to world economics (Complete sterility)	P	I
15*	What is the scientific way of thinking? (4) The unity of opposites	P	II
	l. Rev: Ch. Darwin, Emotions (Emotions & Men)	P	II
	m. Rev: Eastman against Hook (Adding to Confusion)	P	II
16*	What is the scientific way of thinking? (5) Contradiction as the cause of change + W.G. reply in Daily Worker 23.3.35. My letter on 12.4.35 + W.G.	P	III
17	Letter to the editor	P	III
18	Answer to W. F. Rolt	P	III
19	Centralized or decentralized Planning?	Plan	III
20	The objective validity of the principle of contradiction. Reprinted in FBS 56-72	Philosophy	IV
21	Bertrand Russell attacks the MCH	P	IV
22	Reply to H. Short and A. Robertson	P	IV
	n. Rev: F. Engels, Feuerbach (A classic on scientific method)	P	IV
23	Reply to A. Rothstein (Marxism and Empires)	P	V
	o. Rev: Two books on Social Credit (Douglas Credit)	P	V
	p. Rev: Engelbrecht & Hanighen, Merchants of Death (The real issue)	P	V
24	The 'United Front' in Germany	New Dawn	V
25	The way to a new world order (with photo)	Comradeship	VI
26	Nazi war aims and collective security (+ a. A. H. Gaitskell and b. R. H. Pender)	P	VI

	q. Rev: Fascism in Japan (Missing)	P	VI
	r. Letters from A. Roberston, S. H. Taylor, H. Short	P	VI
27	The mass basis of fascism	Controversy	VI
28	Answer to Rothstein, Colyer, Hosking, Graph.	P	VII
	s. Rev: A. Robertson, Letters on Reasoning; E. T. Bell, The Search for Truth (Sharpening the arrows of controversy)	P	VII
	t. Rev: Th. Sharp, A. derelict area	P	VII
29	Planning and War	Plan	VII
30	Collective security & the next War (+ Gaitskell)	P	VIII
	u. Blow for Blow. Discussion with some German socialists, Ben Greene, G. Hosking, W. T. Colyer	P	VIII
	v. Rev: G. Feder, Hitler's official programme (Not a laughing matter)	P	VIII
31	State capitalism or socialism	P	IX
32	Abyssinia and what's what (By: J. Edward)	P	IX
33	Psychology Syllabus; 2nd year	Un. of London	IX
34	What we mean by fascism	NEW TRENDS IN SOCIALISM	IX
THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF THINKING		Chapman & Hall	IX
35	The communists' last somersault (+ Controversy) (+MM 1936) (as 'Infantile Rightism')	P	X
	w. Rev: Fascism make or break	P	X
	x. Rev: Mander, Psychology for everyman (Modern problems & primitive minds)	P	XI
36	Fascist and tribal mentality	Plan	XI
37	Psychology of imperialism. (1) The problem	P	XII
	y. Rev: G. de Michelis, World organization on corporate lines (Into the deserts of Abyssinia)	P	XII
	z. Rev: Lowe Chuan-Una, Facing labour issues in China (Kid gloves and generals)	P	XII

1936

	a. Rev: W. A. Rudlin, The growth of fascism in Great Britain (The national government & fascism)	P	I

38.	Psychology of Imperialism. (2) On camouflage	P	II
39	An answer to C. Prothero	P	II
	AN INTRODUCTION TO DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM	NCLC	
40	Psychology of Imperialism. (3) The. . . .'s appeal to the mind	P	III
	b. Rev: O. W. Wilcox, Nations can live at home (Population & the food supply)	P	III
41	Psychology of imperialism (4) Internationalism	P	IV
	(+ A.F. in Socialist Vanguard, April)		
42	Conze replies to J. D. Bernal	P	IV
	c. Letter from Edward Henry (Patriotism)	P	IV
	d. Rev: J. B. S. Haldane, The cause of evolution	P	IV
43	T. A. Jackson's 'Dialectics'	P	V
44	Socialism and Patriotism (+ A. Flanders reply in SV (The recompense of a sounding name) July.	Socialist Vanguard	VI
	e. Rev: F. Borkenau, Pareto (Fascist theory)	P	VI
	SCIENCE OF UNDERSTANDING	NCLC	VII
45	Spain in revolution (I)	P	VII
46	The Popular Front in Spain	Controversy	VII
47	Spain in Revolution II (+German trsl. in Sozialistische Tribuene)	P	VIII
	f. Rev: J. Dewey, Liberalism & Social Action (Social Action & Liberalism)	P	VIII
	g. Rev: Mander, Clearer Thinking (Sound & loose thinking)	P	VIII
	SPAIN TODAY	Secker & Warburg	
	h. Rev: Trsl. Andrade, The anarchists in the Spanish Revolution	P	IX
	i. Rev: E. Glover, The dangers of being human (Mr. Eden & Social science)	P	IX
	k. Reply to T. A. Jackson (Jackson, the imperialists and the bishops)		
48	Psychology Syllabus, 2nd year	Un. of London	IX
49	Psychology Syllabus, 3rd year	Un. of London	IX
50	A spotlight on Spain	P	X
	l. Rev: V. F. Calverton, The Passing of the Gods	P	X
51	Labour and War (+W. L. Kendall's reply)	Controversy	X

	SPAIN TODAY, 2nd edition	Secker & Warburg	
	m. Rev: R. G. Greaves & Sir S. Cripps, on Peace and Raw Materials	P	XI
	n. Letter about Socialism and War	P	XI
52	The psychology of fascism	Millgate	XI
	o. Rev: Lowson, Science and Reality	P	XII
	p. Letter: (A.L.) Rowse and fools and idiots	P	XII

1937

53	The Social Origins of Nominalism Reprinted in FBS 93-104	Marxist Quarterly	I
	+a. Comments by J. Feibleman MQ IV		
	b. Reply to J. Feibleman MQ 431-6 X; Repr. FBS 105-112		
54	The menace of antifascism I	Controversy	I
55	1936. The World (international situation)	Controversy	I
55A	Hitler's long-term plans	Spanish News	I
56	The menace of antifascism II + Pat Sloan + T. A. Jackson, Controversy IV	Controversy	
	q. Rev: A. Plummer, Raw materials and war materials (Pink Imperialism)	P	III
57	Spain and the Great Powers	P	IV
58	Rev: S. Hook, From Hegel to Marx pp. 320-24	Marxist Quarterly	IV
59	Socialist Democracy	Controversy	VII
60	Marxism and Leadership	P	VII
	r. Rev: H. Spencer, First Principles (The world and the philosopher)	P	VII
	s. Rev: E. Y. Hartshorne, German universities and National Socialism (German Science)	P	XI
	t. Rev: M. Low & J. Brea, Red Spanish Notebook (A picture from Spain)	P	XI
61	Nazi Germany to-day	P	XII

1938

62	Alfonso XIII, the BBC, and professorial impartiality	P	II
	u. Rev: H. Levy, A philosophy for a modern man	P	VIII
	v. Rev: R. Rocker, Anarcho-syndicalism (The anarchists)	P	IX

	w. P. Pigors, Leadership or domination (Imperceptible)	P	X
63	Fighting labels and misleading phrases	P	XII

1939

64	Imperialism up-to-date (+ letter from L. Whittacker P V)	P	IV
65	Some Propaganda Tricks	P	V
66	Reply to Postgate (further letter in VI)	P	V
67	Nationalist Prejudice and Propaganda I	P	VII
	x. Rev: B. Russell, Power	P	VII
68	Nationalist Prejudice and Propaganda II	P	VIII
	+ letter on nationalism and socialism	P	IX
	y. Rev: J. B. S. Haldane, The Marxist philosophy and the sciences. (Marxism and Science)	P	IX
	z. Rev: A. M. Young. The rise of a pagan state (Superstitions)	P	X
	a. Rev: Two books on fascism	P	X

Further additions, undated

69	How not to fight fascism	Controversy	
70	Those feet of clay + F. Utley, Japan must be stopped	Controversy	
G.a.	Letter, Japanese Beliefs, on J. Morris's review of Steinilber-Oberlin	Time & Tide	
b.	J. Morris's reply	Time & Tide	
c.	Conze's reply	Time & Tide	V
P.1.	Reply to P. Higgins (on Saar). /Facts vs Illusions/		
P.2.	Pat Sloan & the menace of Edward Conze	Controversy	
P.3.	Reply to Hughes		
P.4.	Atrocity propaganda + L. H. Barnes		

A few post-war items

Some Recent Books on Psychology, pp. 18-24,
The Tutor's Bulletin, 1953

Rev: H. Hawton, The feast of unreason. (Rationalism and the Atom Bomb).
Plebs XLV 2, Febr. 1953. p.44

Rev: W. J. H. Sprott, Social Psychology. The Tutor's Bulletin of Adult Education, no. 89-90.
Jan-March 1953, p.41

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Letter on 'The Beliefs of Science' in The Listener 11.5.1954.

APPENDIX 2

19, The Avenue,
Datchet, Bucks
24.5.59

Dear Professor von Glasenapp,

On my return from a visit to my brother in Luedenscheid I find your letter of May 20th, to which I reply at once. I regard it as a great honour that a scholar of your calibre should even consider me as a possible successor, and years ago the post of a professor in Tuebingen would have seemed to me to constitute the very height of felicity. As it is there are, however, three reasons why the proposal is unlikely to bear any fruit.

First of all, and that is probably decisive, I myself am 55 years old. So I share the main disability with Prof. Alsdorf and Prof. Waldschmidt, who for all other reasons would be very much more acceptable to the Selection Board than I am.

Secondly, there is the language difficulty. After 26 years in England I find that my knowledge of the German language is still sufficient for ordinary purposes, or for such relatively trivial questions as I discussed in my review of Meisezahl in the current issue of the OLZ, but that it breaks down when confronted with the really important problems of Buddhist thinking. My brother rightly describes my German utterances on these issues as a fuerchterliches Kauderwelsch, and a University lecturer must naturally be expected to have a complete command over the language.

Thirdly, it was rather hard to be uprooted in 1933 when I was only 28. Now at 55 I cannot face being transplanted again into an environment which in many ways has become strange and uncongenial to me.

So, while I have no academic position here in England nor any prospect of one, I regret very much that I must give a negative reply to your very kind enquiry. One should not expect too much of life, and in some ways I am rather pleasantly surprised at the amount of work I have been able to do in spite of some material difficulties. I enclose a list of my books and articles, but a Lebenslauf would amount to an application for the position in question, which under the circumstances I want to avoid.

You will by now have received my 'Penguin', and the article in the current 'Middle Way', which shows some affinities to your excellent Nachwort to H. Oldenberg's 'Buddha'. The chronological table on pp.10-11 has unfortunately not taken account of Lamotte's recent warning (on p.15 of his 'Histoire') against mixing up the 'chronologie longue' and the 'chronologie courte', and some of the dates are evidently quite wrong.

Thanking you once more for the great confidence you have shown me, I am mit dem Ausdrucke meiner vorzueglichen Hochachtung,

Ihr ergebener,

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APPENDIX 10: The Foreign Quotations

(0) p.2. In times of danger I have regularly derived strength from the Niederländische Dankgebet, i.e.

Wir treten zum Beten
Vor Gott den Gerechten,
Und flehen mög stehen
Uns fernerhin bei.
Dass diese Gemeinde
Kein Opfer der Feinde.
Dein Name sei gelobt,
Oh Herr steh uns bei!

The last line may also be, 'Oh Herr mach uns frei!'.

(1) p.3. geistig bedeutendste

(2) p.3. Er versteigt sich sogar zu dem Stossseufzer: 'Kurz die Kaufmannschaft hat leider so viele Dornen dieser Art, die ein zartes Herz verletzen, dass ich gewiss bin, nichts kann weniger im Himmel betrieben werden als Handel und was dahin gehört'.

(3) p.4. Mir gegenüber die Polen, — sehen, mit einer einzigen Ausnahme, sämtlich wie Hallunken, Giftmischer und Strassenraeuber aus; die erwähnte Ausnahme präsentiert sich als Opferlamm.

(4) p.4. Theodor Lessing, *Jüdischer Selbsthass,* 1930, as quoted in H. Mayer, *Aussenseiter,* 1975, p.417. Lessing's book is now so hard to obtain that I will give the entire passage (pp.249-250). Die Unnatur dieser derazinierten Schicht (of German Jews) offenbarte sich, als jene deutschen Landerziehungsheime plötzlich (in 1903) Schulordnungen herausgaben, welche den folgenden Paragraphen enthielten: 'Minderwerige Kinder oder Kinder von jüdischer Abkunft werden im allgemeinen in die deutschen Landerziehungsheime nicht aufgenommen'. — Es verstand sich für mich von selbst, auf diese schamlose Tat mit Verzicht auf meinen Lehrerposten zu antworten, und ich glaubte, sämtliche jüdischen Eltern und Zöglinge auf meiner Seite zu haben. — In that he was mistaken. — Unvergessen blieb mir die Antwort einer jüdischen Mutter auf meine Frage, ob ihr denn nicht das Ehrgefühl geböte, ihr Kind aus einer im Prinzip judengegnerischen Schule zu nehmen: 'Ich verstehe überhaupt nicht was Sie wollen, Herr Doktor, wenn die Landerziehungsheime künftig keine Juden mehr weiter aufnehmen, man aber *unsere* Kinder hier lässt, dann wissen wir ja doch, dass unsere Kinder in wirklich guter Gesellschaft sind'. How true!

(5) p.5. A valuable source book for the mentality of the time is *Ueber die deutschen Land-Erziehungs-Heime.* Zweite Folge. hrsg. von den Freunden der Deutschen Land-Erziehungs-Heime (Dr. Lietz) (eingetragener Verein). Als Manuskript gedruckt. Juli 1913. This exists in the London Library as no. 87947. Someone says on p.210: 'Von der Unnatur des Stadtlebens und von der Naturwidrigkeit der in der Stadt herrschenden Arbeits — und

Lebensweise sollen die Kinder hier befreit werden'. He quotes Dr. Lietz himself as saying: 'Gottes Kinder sollen hier gedeihen auf Gottes Erde, unter seiner Sonne, seinen Sternen. Nicht zu Krüppeln, zu Gottes Ebenbildern sollen sie hier werden. Nichts ihrem Wesen, ihrer Natur Widriges und Entgegengesetztes soll hier ihnen aufgezwungen werden. Hier. . .sollen sie aufwachsen inmitten erhabener Natur und ehrwürdiger Arbeit des Landmannes. . .Einfachheit und Natürlichkeit seien hier oberstes Gesetz. . .Wiedereinkehr deutschen Wesens, damit an ihm die Menschheit genese, sei hier heisse Sehnsucht'.

(5a) Note to p.10 line 19 arrested*. As a lover of Horace he may well have heard in his ears echoes from the fifth ode of the third book, . . .mens provida Reguli. . .perniciem veniens in aevom. . .egregius properaret exsul . . .quae sibi barbarus Tortor pararet. . .diiudicata lite relinqueret, tendens Venafranos in agros, aut Lacedaemonium Tarentum.

(6) p.11. Der Kerl sieht ja wie ein Kellner aus!

(7) p.15. Es singt der Frosch sein Morgenlied, So gut er's eben kann.

(8) p.21. *Werke* XX, 1971, p.564. Hauptsache: dass jeder Fortschritt in der organischen Entwicklung zugleich ein Rückschritt, indem er *einseitige* Entwicklung fixiert, die Möglichkeit der Entwicklung in vielen anderen Richtungen ausschliesst. Dies aber *Grundgesetz.*

(8a) p.29. Or, in Goethe's *Faust* Mephistopheles says:
Denn ein vollkommener Widerspruch
Bleibt gleich geheimnisvoll für Kluge wie für Toren.

(8b) p.32. Aeneid II 604-612 trsl. Edward Fairfax Taylor and II 622-23 trsl. C. Day Lewis.

aspice; namque omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
mortalis hebetat visus tibi et umida circum
caligat, nubem eripiam; tu ne qua parentis
iussa time neu praeceptis parere recusa:
hic, ubi disiectas moles avulsaque saxis
saxa vides, mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum,
Neptunus muros magnoque emota tridenti
fundamenta quatit totamque a sedibus urbem
eruit. . . .
apparent dirae facies inimicaque Troiae
numina magna deum.

(8c) p.35. In the KPD we had for this the beautiful verse:
Nur die allerdümmsten Kälber
Wählen ihre Metzger selber.

The conservative equivalent is, Vox Populi Vox Rindvieh.

(9) p.52. Mit dem Kopp durch die Wand!

(10) p.52. Der Mensch fängt ja doch erst beim Major an.

(11) p.55. There I quote Sully Prudhomme (16.3.1839-1907) who has expressed the idea on the same wavelength on which I operate:

Je me dis bien souvent: De quelle race es-tu?
Ton coeur ne trouve rien qui l'enchaine ou ravisse,
Ta pensée et tes sens, rien qui les assouvisse:
Il semble qu'un bonheur infini te soit du.

Pourtant, quel paradis as-tu jamais perdu?
A quelle auguste cause as-tu rendu service?
Pour ne voir ici-bas que laideur et que vice,
Quelle est ta beauté propre et ta propre vertu?

A mes vagues regrets d'un ciel que j'imagine,
A mes dégouts divins, il faut une origine:
Vainement je la cherche en mon coeur de limon:

Et, moi-meme étonné des douleurs que j'exprime,
J'écoute en moi pleurer un étranger sublime,
Qui m'a toujours caché sa patrie et son nom.

(12) p.91. Siegt der Jude mit Hilfe seines marxistischen Glaubensbekenntnisses über die Völker dieser Welt, dann wird seine Krone der Totenkranz der Menschheit sein, dann wird dieser Planet wieder wie einst vor Jahrmillionen menschenleer durch den Aether ziehen. — Only it was not the Marxist creed which did it? Or was it?

(13) p.133. Machs kurz, —
Am jüngsten Tag ist's nur ein Furz.

(14) p.134. III 30 as translated by Lord Dunsany.
Exegi monumentum aere perennius Regalique situ
pyramidum altius, . . . Non omnis moriar, multaque
pars mei Vitabit Libitinam: usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens.

Another favourite is:

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo, with the sub-literate
translation:

Ich hasse die Kanallje
Sie bleibe mir vom Ballje.